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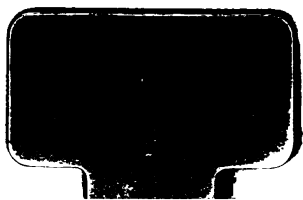
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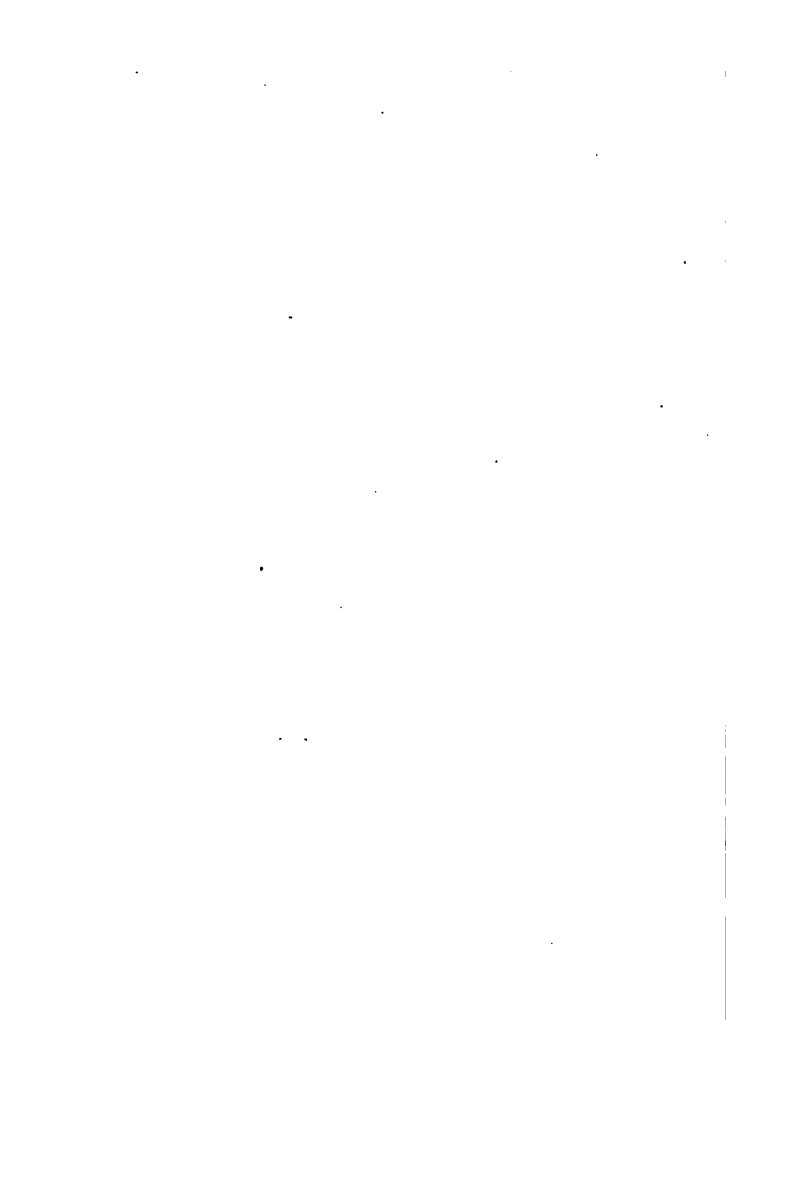
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48.1716.







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Anthony's débüt before the Court.

ANTHONY TRAUOGOTT
THE POTTER-MUSICIAN;
OR, THE
TRIUMPH OF GENIUS AND VIRTUE.

AN
Instructive tale for youth.

From the German,
BY JAMES D. HAAS.

Translator of
*"Kohlrausch's History of Germany," "Zschokke's
hours of Meditation," "Gleanings
from Germany,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.,*

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PREFACE.

To all minds, but particularly to those of young persons, history and biography possess very powerful charms. By such reading, the sympathies are excited and the judgment is more easily formed; the reader becomes identified with the characters presented in the narrative; approves or disapproves, according to the tendencies of his own disposition, the several acts of the individuals whose conduct he contemplates; is informed, instructed, and, to a great degree, guided in his practical intercourse with his fellow creatures, by the insight thus obtained into the relation between principles, maxims, endowments, and actions, and their consequences. The history of nations is always esteemed a beacon

for the nations that study it—the history of individuals is, in like manner, and perhaps more effectively, a source of guidance to individuals. Fiction, in as far as it develops principles and practices actually occurring in life, is equivalent in force, and tantamount in value to absolute history. Fiction of this kind is to the feelings and the understanding, what the scientific cabinet is to the student of nature—it supplies to him the deficiencies of observation and experience.

So is the following tale. The main features of the narrative may not have come within the observation of any particular reader, but they are to be found in actual life; and the purpose of the grouping here is to exhibit the glory which virtue sheds on talent, and to display the happy consequences which attend their union.

It is therefore hoped, that the perusal of the following pages may serve to imprint upon the youthful mind the important truth, that the obstacles too frequently occurring in the career of the virtuous and industrious aspirant, may, through faith in Divine Providence, and unflinching perseverance—as in the case of Anthony Traugott—gradually and effectually become surmounted, and the merited appreciation and reward be ultimately attained.

JAMES D. HAAS.

London, March, 1848.

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ANTHONY TRAUGOTT.



CHAPTER I.

The old Potter's despondency—The bad times—The rival Pottery—Susan, his Dame, her consolation and resignation—Anthony's study of music condemned by his father—Fritz Weber, the violinist—Anthony and Fritz apprenticed to the rival Potter, Herr Berkholz—Their lamentation.

“Well, it's no use talking, Susan, but ever since that Berkholz has been our neighbour, I have not prospered in my trade! All fly to *him*—not because he perhaps may work a little better and cheaper than I do—but because people imagine whoever hangs out over his door, like Berkholz, a large showboard with letters a foot long, must actually work for nothing—aye, aye, such is the way of the world, and he who is reputed to be worth

little or nothing because he makes no show, may toil early and late—*down* he must go, whether he will or not !”

Thus spoke the Master-Potter Traugott (or Trust in God) to his wife Susan, who was at that moment busily engaged in cementing a porcelain flower-pot for a customer, with the produce of which job she intended to provide a dinner. Although she heard what her dejected husband said, still her thoughts being for the moment almost wholly engrossed by the task in hand, she did not immediately make any reply. Poor Traugott, however, continued to pace moodily up and down their little room, and, at length, once more gave vent to his depressed feelings, exclaiming bitterly : “ And if things *do* continue in this wretched state—why then, Susan,” and he pushed his black Manchester cap over his left ear in painful emotion, “ we shall be forced to go begging shortly !”

“ But, my dear Traugott,” answered

Susan, "do not talk thus. Let me again remind you of your own name, and do *Trust in God*: be assured He will assist us ere you perhaps think of it. Besides, we cannot gain any comfort or benefit by thus complaining."

"But I ask you, Susan," he exclaimed, "what does all this avail if in the meantime we become ruined, whilst our prosperous rival lives in affluence? Surely I understand my trade, and love to work at it as well as any other man, and none in the place can venture to say, either before me or behind my back, that I have ever charged too much. And yet, despite all this, I am forced to see that with every year affairs grow worse with us."

The good but desponding Potter now turned to the window, and cast his eyes vacantly down the street. His wife, meantime, had finished her job, and springing up from her chair in cheerful mood, she shewed the renovated flower-pot to her husband for his approval.

"You have given yourself a great deal of trouble," he said, as he looked at it with gratified feelings, "and I am only afraid, Susan, that your skill and industry will be but very poorly requited."

At this moment a young girl came into the shop to fetch the flower-pot, to whom the Potter said: "Here it is, all ready, and so thoroughly mended that the crack can scarcely be seen with the naked eye," examining it once more as he handed it to the maid.

"How much is your charge?" she inquired of the Potter.

"One shilling."

"What! a shilling! surely, Master-Potter, you are only joking?"

"Why, my neighbour Berkholz there," said Traugott, "would charge you at least two shillings, but I am content with the half."

"O impossible! you cannot be in earnest," exclaimed the girl; "why the flowerpot when *new* cost scarcely two

shillings, and now my mistress is to pay you one shilling for merely mending it? No, no, that is too much; here is ninepence; more I will not give you."

She laid the money down on the table, took the vase and was about leaving; but the Potter insisted on being paid what he had asked, and would not let her go. After much disputing, however, on both sides, the servant made the sum tenpence, declaring she would not give a farthing more, and that in future she would go to his opposite neighbour Berkholz, who worked far cheaper and better.

Traugott took the money and the girl left the house, repeating her vow to go to the other Master-Potter.

This scene naturally operated with additional force upon the already vexed spirit of Traugott, who at length exclaimed to his wife: "you see now how it is; in this state of things, I again say it, beggary must be our portion, and that very soon!"

“ Dear Traugott,” replied his wife, “ let me beg of you to hold up a little longer, and do not yield thus to discontent. Who knows what good all this may produce for us ! We know well that nothing happens without the will of God, and it is His will that we should thus suffer want, else surely He would not permit it ;” saying which, she fell upon his neck, and once more entreated him with tears in her eyes, to be more composed and firm, for she felt assured that Providence would ordain all for the best.

Shortly afterwards, Susan went and looked out of the window, saying ; “ I wonder where our Anthony is stopping all this time ; I dare say he is again with neighbour Weber’s son, Fritz, playing music. Well, well, he will be here directly, and I will go and look to the dinner.”

“ That boy must now begin to learn something,” exclaimed Traugott, “ he is quite old enough. He must lay aside for a while that flute of his. When I was his

age, I was obliged to labour hard, although there was a workman employed already. I am very certain, that we should have many more customers if that noisy fellow had not continually, both early and late, his odious blow-pipe in his mouth ! That sort of music is the very worst I know of, and who will undertake to gainsay, what I am sure is the fact, that many people who might otherwise wish to give us their custom, are kept away on account of that very noise ? For my part, I never *did* like that instrument, and I am sure I never *shall* now, for its sounds are wretched to my ears !"—Saying which, the vexed and moody Potter again pushed his cap over his left ear—as he always did when he was out of humour and spirits.

" But, my dear Traugott," said Susan, " believe me, neither our neighbour Berkholz nor our son Anthony are to blame for our present poor condition. As I said before, I am convinced it is so ordered by the will of God, and this thought alone

ought always to sustain us and keep us from despondency and vain murmurs."

Both were now silent, and each stood thoughtfully at the window. In a few minutes, however, Susan hastened into the kitchen to prepare dinner, and she soon had the cloth laid and every thing ready. Just at that moment, Anthony returned, flute in hand, and took his place at the table, and notwithstanding his eager appetite for music, he gave good proofs on the present occasion that he had ample longings for the more substantial fare now before him, and to which indeed he did good justice.

At length he exclaimed, with a countenance expressing great delight, "We have been practising a new piece to day, mother, such a noble and sublime composition! arranged as a duet for the flute and violin, and I assure you Fritz played capitally; we will play it to you next time. There is one part in it especially pretty, where the flute at every bar goes



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The disconsolate Potter.

into another key; you never heard anything so beautiful. By the bye, I will play that part over to you now at once," and with that, he jumped up, and was going for his flute which he had left on the other table.

"Pray leave it alone and eat your dinner instead," said his father; "I don't want any of your discordant too-tooing now. Besides, you know I am no friend to it at any time."

"Never mind it now, Anthony," observed his mother, "wait a little until your father is more cheerful. We are neither of us in good spirits just now, for look, my dear Anthony, I have provided this meal with the last few pence we had left, and Heaven alone knows how we are to procure our means of living now!"

"Well then, dear mother," exclaimed the young musician, "let me go round the town and play before the doors, for I am sure I shall at least earn enough to provide for my own existence, and perhaps have

something over to give you." And catching up his flute, he was about at once to enter upon the performance of his character as a wandering flutist.

"Stop! hark ye Anthony," said his father sulkily, "don't be in too great a hurry, for you may rest assured that with your blow-pipe there, you'll not earn even a single halfpenny! Nay, if you knew how to play the harp or violin, *then* perhaps I might be content to let you go to try your luck, but as it is"—

"Blow-pipe!" exclaimed Anthony, rather indignantly, "I don't know why you should give my flute that nickname; but only wait until I have got on farther, and then you shall see that I will play that flute (or *blow-pipe*, as you call it, father,) in a concert before our reigning Prince, who is very fond of music and particularly of the flute. And then, having once gained his Highness's approbation, I shall need nothing more, and all our anxieties will be at an end."

"Hush! open the door, Anthony," said his mother to him, "somebody is knocking." Opening it, he admitted their neighbour Weber, the father of Fritz, Anthony's fellow musician.

The object of his visit, it appeared, was to communicate with his neighbour Traugott, upon the subject of his son Fritz, about whom he was in some perplexity, not knowing exactly what to do with him. Traugott accordingly motioned to Anthony to withdraw, as he wished to have some private conversation with neighbour Weber. Anthony, obeying the hint, left the room, but took with him his flute—his constant companion—in order to practise, meantime, in the garden.

"You are aware my friend," then began neighbour Weber, "that in my business as a cobbler, I merely earn enough to pay my way. Fritz is now thirteen years old. We have proposed to him to learn the potters' business at Berkholz's, in which case he would be taken entirely off our

hands; we should not be required to provide him with either food, lodging, or clothing. In spite of all that, however, the silly boy is continually whining, both by day and night, at this good prospect before him, and insists that he has neither ability nor taste for any thing else but fiddle-playing!—Now, what I want of you, Neighbour Traugott, is that you will use what little influence you may have with the boy, as he is a friend of your Anthony's, and thus try to persuade him to follow my wishes in this matter."

"That I would heartily do," returned the Potter, "only that we ourselves are exactly in the same predicament with our boy Anthony, for he is as mad after his flute, as your son is after his violin. Nothing will suit him but to blow his time away on that wretched instrument, the whole day long—and the night, too, if he durst—and he is always busy studying some new composition, and writing notes. In fact, I shall only be able to put an end

to it by throwing flute and compositions, together with all the trash into the fire at once!"

"But now, my dear husband," interrupted Susan, "you are getting vexed again. You must certainly bear in mind that our Anthony really *does* possess a very great love and no little talent for music, and we are certainly bound to encourage his endeavours, as far as our poor means will admit of, so that at some future day he may be enabled to do something to produce good for himself and perhaps for ourselves too."

"True, my dear Susan," returned Traugott, "and I do not at all wonder at your speaking so much in favour of Anthony's fondness for music, seeing that your father was a very clever musician, and as such was enabled to educate and bring you up respectably; but with us, now, the case stands very differently. We are poor, and must, therefore, seek to bring up our boy so that he may be able

soon to earn something, for I am very sure his poor and profitless art will never be of any avail to us."

Susan did not attempt to say any more now, but, clearing the table, proceeded to her kitchen duties.

Meantime, the two fathers discussed the future fate of their sons, each suggesting to the other, what under the circumstances appeared most feasible. It was arranged finally, to apprentice both lads to Berkholz. The latter was not certainly a friend of Traugott, but what does not necessity bring about! He found himself forced to yield to circumstances, and, unwelcome as it was to his mind, he had no other resource but to place his boy with his more flourishing rival. It is true, he might have put him to learn some other business, but he liked his own calling better than any other, and as, excepting himself and Berkholz, no other Potter had set up in business in their little town, there was no alternative.

The affair thus far concluded, neighbour Weber returned to his dwelling to make known to Fritz his final decision, whilst Traugott did the same at home to Anthony and Susan. His wife was very much vexed and mortified when he told her of his determination, whilst our poor Anthony was completely overcome. He wept bitterly, "entreated his father not to put him to Herr Berkholz's pottery, and promised to try his utmost to earn something by his music; he would begin to pay his visits at once from house to house, he would copy music at night for the town musician, and he was sure he knew enough already to enable him to give lessons on the flute, &c. &c."—But his father wavered not in his resolution, and accordingly all the prayers and promises of the poor boy were in vain. After the lapse of a few days, both the young musicians were fixed in their apprenticeship and hard destiny.

CHAPTER II.

The flute and the violin discarded in the factory—Music hated by Herr Berkholz—The drudgery and confinement of our hero and his colleague Fritz—Unexpected consolation—The nocturnal *Vase concert*—Maria—The discovery and Herr Berkholz's fury—His forgiveness—The nocturnal excursion—The harmonious grove—The duet—Our happy musicians.

Anthony and Fritz were now forced to labour hard and incessantly in the sweat of their brow, from morning until night. Scarcely had they time to take their meals, for, whilst their master was a man who certainly let his people want for nothing, he exacted from all the utmost of their time and labour. And even late in the evening our young musicians could not command a moment of their own time in order to practise their art! for it was the business of both, as they were the youngest apprentices, not only to set the workshops

of the numerous artizans in order, after the labours were over, but likewise to make sundry preparations for the following day, so that nothing should be wanting for the men to recommence their work. They would even have dispensed willingly with an hour of their balmy sleep, to keep up their art, but Herr Berkholz, when they came to him, had strictly forbidden their pursuit of such hobbies. But, ah! their love for the divine art was too profound and deeply seated to enable them to withstand its claims, and the lot of both friends was truly to be pitied, for scarcely could they find time and opportunity even to *gaze* on their favourite instruments, much less to play on them.

One day, however, whilst they were busy setting the workshops to rights, Anthony accidentally struck his hand rather forcibly against a large earthen jar, which produced a most vibrating tone. Anthony struck it again, and both youths listened with the most eager attention.

The sound which issued from the jar was beautiful, and long continued in softly-trembling vibrations.

"Is not that a glorious tone, Fritz? But just take care, let me strike against it with this wooden hammer handle," exclaimed Anthony, who knew no end to his joy and delight.

"Oh for heaven's sake don't!" cried Fritz, and seized his friend's hand, "only think if the jar were to break! what should we do?"

"It will not break, dear Fritz," answered Anthony, with a countenance full of sanguine delight. "Let my hand go, Fritz. Hush, hush!" and he struck the jar with the handle.

"Heavenly! Heavenly!" he exclaimed, "listen, Fritz. Run and pick out quickly another jar or a large pan, so that we may, if possible, produce a flow of harmony. Make haste, run!"

Fritz speedily pulled out several large jars, and having tried each by turns, they

at length found out those which served their purpose, and whose tones formed truly the finest combination of harmony. And now what a source of pleasure did this produce within their music-loving souls, sounds for which they had so long pined! They could scarcely enjoy sufficiently the sound of their chimes.

These earthen vessels thus afforded them every evening an exquisite pleasure after the toils of the day. They soon made such progress in the improvement of their novel instruments, as to be able to perform little concerted pieces upon them, their tones resembling those of the bells or chimes of church towers. Such a concert cost them, it is true, the greatest part of their evening, as they required for its performance a very many of the larger vessels, which they were obliged, not without much labour and time, to pull in line out of the extreme corners of the factory. But this fatigue they neither felt nor cared for—for they had their music!

They only regretted that they could not perform their concert before an appreciating audience, instead of doing it so secretly.

Herr Berkholz, who of course knew not the cause of their long stay in the factory, praised and valued them highly for the love of order and the zeal they showed in his service, and especially in so actively arranging every thing for the morning, whilst his former apprentices had always left the moment the hour had struck at which the Potters left work.

One evening, whilst they were busy in the arrangement of their jars and pans, they received a visit from Maria, Herr Berkholz's servant, (to whom they had confided their secret) who came to attend their concert. Several of their vases were even marked for particular pieces of music, in order to save time in selecting them.

degrees, also interested Maria in having no reason to fear she them. She was already so their musical mystery, that

she could herself assist in placing the large pans and jars in their places with her own hands; when all was ready, she took her seat, and in order not to be quite idle during the concert, she began her knitting. This, however, the musicians at length forbade her doing; nay, they were so indignant at it, that they flatly declared—"whoever could pursue any occupation during such a treat, showed that they had no soul for music, and could not be worthy of admission to witness it."

Maria, good-naturedly, smiled at this grave opinion, and accordingly, in obedience to their prohibition, laid aside her knitting apparatus. She was very far from taking it amiss in them, for she well knew the passion with which both these juvenile disciples of Apollo pursued the secret art; and she therefore gave her whole undivided attention to the Vase concert.

Anthony and Fritz continued now to exert themselves so strenuously in the improvement and perfection of their

musical pans and jars, that any one would have supposed their performances were actually honoured with the attendance of kings, princes, and nobles. With every fresh improvement, and its consequent good results upon the entire instrumentation, their enthusiasm was expressed by shouts of delight, such as: "Capital! Beautiful! Is it not, Maria? Bravo! Bravo!"

And truly Maria was all ear, for Anthony and Fritz had both acquired now a kind of proficiency, almost incredible. They knew how to produce by dexterous touches, now soft, now louder notes; and as they no longer used the common hammer handle but a sort of drumstick, which they had shaped with great care for the express purpose, the gradation of the various tones elicited was all but perfect.

Thus, this delightful entertainment went on for some time without interruption, when one evening, the concert was suddenly stopped by some very discordant

basely vibrating sounds, at the door of the factory. Struck with dismay and terror, the two musicians threw down their drumsticks, and looked at each other—unutterable things! Maria jumped up from her chair in affright, and hid herself in a corner, whence she again came forth, and half crying, said: “Oh dear! what shall we do? I am sure that is Herr Berkholz!” Just then there was another thundering knock at the door, and Maria ran and opened it. Sure enough it was Herr Berkholz! “Well,” he exclaimed, “you have let me in at last! What, are *you* here Maria?”—Alas, the poor girl knew not what to say—and fortunately, as her master advanced into the room, she was enabled to slip away.

“Pray,” said Herr Berkholz, to the two musicians, who stood before him like two criminals, “what was that hammering noise upon my pots, eh? So then, this is your evening employment in the workshops, is it?” Stepping nearer and nearer, and

staring at his row of vases, he exclaimed, "Upon my word, this is really capital! This is the way you knock about my pots, like little children, instead of arranging and putting them to rights. But never mind, come with me now; I'll take care you shall have an opportunity of playing at such games at more leisure, for you may both return at once from whence you came!"

"Nay, dear, best of masters," said Fritz, "pray do not do that! We promise you we will not offend you again; therefore do not turn us out. Besides, we have not done the least harm to anything."

"Dear master," now pleaded Anthony, "during all the time we have been with you, we have never yet touched the flute or violin; the only music we have played has been on these pots. Do not therefore turn us away in disgrace, this time, dear master!" And now poor Maria also returned, and adding her petition, said, "I only heard the pretty music for the first time by accident as I was passing,

and so I could not help coming to hear it, now and then, for a few minutes. Pray, good sir, do not turn us away?"

"But I tell you I cannot bear music!" said Herr Berkholz, "and I will not suffer such trash and nonsense in my house!" But all the three delinquents now seized his hands, and besought him in such touching and forcible language and manner, that he could no longer resist—and at length he gave them his pardon.

"But now mind," he added, gravely, as they expressed their thanks and joy for his lenity, "this must never again occur—let no more such drumming and hammering be heard here. Now go and put away every thing and fasten all up!"

After the first few hours, however, our persevering and undaunted musicians once more put their heads together, to find out if they could not devise some means by which they might indulge, however slightly, their love for the science. Of course, they could not venture to put any

project into force as yet, for they concluded, very naturally, that Herr Berkholz would not fail to watch their movements very closely—at least at first. Thus the days glided slowly on, one after the other, amidst the eternal turning of pots, bowls, and trenchers; an occupation, which for them could not produce much charm or interest. But they would even then have been content if they could have visited their parents, in the evenings, after their daily work; for then they might have had their little performance of music, and their labours of the day would have become far less monotonous to their minds. This, however, was not permitted them, and they only obtained leave to visit their friends once every month.

One evening the two youths were sitting at the door eating their plain supper of bread and fruit. It was already late, and the moon had gradually vanished in the clouds, whilst in the small dwellings around, the various little lamps sent forth

their faint glimmering light amidst the darkness and calm of the evening. Just at that moment, the sweet and almost holy caroling of the nightingale, from a neighbouring garden, interrupted their conversation. Both boys were filled with delight as they listened with intense interest to the charming lay of that sweet songstress.

"There, Fritz," exclaimed Anthony, "if I could only bring my flute to produce sounds like those, eh? Ah, I know what I'd do then"—

"You would still not be able to do anything," said Fritz, "but be forced to let things take their old course, and turn pots and bowls, Anthony, just the same afterwards as before." They were now silent, for the moon shone bright again and the nightingale sang more and more sweetly.

"What's the matter with you, Anthony?" enquired Fritz, in an agitated voice, seeing in the bright moonlight a tear glisten in his friend's eye, "what

makes you weep? Come, tell me, Anthony."

"Alas, Fritz," replied the boy, "I never until this moment felt so acutely the hardship of my situation, and now it is for the first time that I feel I never can be happy in this house. I love my parents above every thing, but that my father should so cruelly place me *here*, is what causes me to grieve so much. But a man who is an enemy to music, cannot possess a feeling heart; such a man must be cold and insensible to all that is sweet and beautiful."

"Come, come, cheer up, Anthony," said Fritz, "all may yet be for the best. But listen: suppose we get up secretly to-night, and creep out to the neighbouring Alder thicket yonder, and play there for an hour! What say you?"

Anthony eagerly caught at Fritz's proposal, yet he appeared at the same time to be lost in thought. At length he said:

“ why yes, Fritz, that would indeed be pleasant, but—I am afraid we shall be discovered, and then——”

“ No, no, Anthony,” exclaimed his friend, “ I tell you we shall not. Besides, we are about nothing wrong, and Heaven will protect us. Come then, let us hasten to bed, and be assured, Anthony, we will presently enjoy the pleasure we have so long been obliged to forego.” Saying which, he drew his friend on with him up stairs, and to bed they accordingly went. It is natural however to conclude, that our two musicians did not even attempt to fall asleep, having the important expedition so immediately in view before them. Besides this, the nightingale’s sweet lays, the bright moonlight night, the profound silence around, together with their little dialogue on their favourite subject of music, and the sad confession of Anthony, “ that he never *could* be happy in his present position,”—all these matters had excited emotions within them, which of

themselves would not have allowed of sleep—at least for some time to come.

At length the clock in the factory struck the hour of eleven. Brightly and invitingly did the moon shine through the little green lattice window of their sleeping room. The friends now got up, and gently opened the chamber door, to see if the coast was perfectly clear and safe; they found, as they wished, that all was silent as death. Accordingly they opened their boxes and took out their instruments, and scarcely had Anthony caught up his much loved flute, when he found it impossible to resist the impulse of just *trying* it; he put it therefore to his lips and gently breathed out a few soft notes in imitation of the nightingale.

“Good gracious, Anthony,” exclaimed Fritz, “do not for heaven’s sake do that, else depend upon it we shall be heard, and then farewell to our nice treat!”

“Well, I won’t,” returned Anthony, “only do let us make haste and arrive at

the thicket, or really I must begin our concert *here*."

They now locked their door, and crept gently down the stairs, keeping close behind each other, and then opening and shutting the gate of the factory, they crossed the spacious yard, at the end of which was the garden, where, with one light spring, they jumped over the fence, and were in the open field.

"Well, here we are, Anthony," said Fritz, "safe and sound, and no one can see us."

"Except God," observed Anthony, hesitatingly.

"Well, and God may see us, I am sure, Anthony," Fritz quickly returned, "for we mean no harm, but only wish to cheerfully attune our instruments to the sweet lays of His own nightingale and other songsters of the grove. Look you, Anthony, that is what I think—God *does* behold us, and of that we ought only to be glad and happy; but it is our stern

master, Herr Berkholz, that we have to dread, and who certainly ought not to know of what we are doing. However, he is fast asleep now, and sees and hears nothing. Run on, Anthony, or if you like, I will lead the way."

The garden soon lay behind them, only one small meadow yet remained and then they would arrive at their musical grove. Unfortunately, the meadow was extremely swampy, and they were obliged to use every precaution to get through it. In their endeavours, they several times stuck fast, so that they hardly knew whether they should proceed or turn back. Nay, poor Anthony actually lost his shoe once; nevertheless, they did not lose *courage*. They marched forward most valiantly and arrived at length, much tired it is true, at the selected spot.

They took their seat upon a charming hill whence they could survey the whole valley beneath them. The instruments were quickly put in order; Fritz tuning

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The nocturnal Concert in the Grove.

his violin and rubbing the bow briskly with rosin, whilst Anthony, on his part, screwed together the several joints of his flute, and gave his friend the note.

"Really, Anthony," exclaimed Fritz in ecstasy, "I cannot describe to you how happy I feel! Come, come, let us give the friendly moon yonder the benefit of our harmonious strains: who knows but it may be so pleased, that it will stand still a little and listen to us, with increased delight!"

"For my part," replied Anthony, "I must confess, Fritz, that certain misgivings will not allow me to rejoice like you. For I am still haunted with the thought that we may be found out, in spite of all our caution."

"But we should never be too anxious," said Fritz, as he tuned the fifth a little higher, "and nobody has seen us. Therefore, courage, dear Anthony! Now then, what do we play?"

"Why, I think we will play the duet we tried last," said Anthony.

"Very good," said Fritz, "let us begin then. Now, then,—one, two, three," he added,—and the concert commenced.

And who could describe the rapture and enthusiasm which were at that moment indicated in the countenances of our two heart and soul-devoted musicians? The happiness, the delight they felt at being once again enabled to play together, (although in so stolen a manner) and thus enjoy uninterruptedly that music to which they were both so attached, was indeed forcibly expressed by the fire and animation of their eyes. The gloomy factory, with all its harassing toil and drudgery, Herr Berkholz, parents, all were forgotten, absorbed as their souls so completely were in the ecstasy of the moment. They saw nothing, they heard nothing else; nay, the earth itself might have shaken under their feet, and they would certainly not

have noticed it. Anthony played masterly, and Fritz not less so, and thus without pause or interruption, faulty note, or false tone, the duet was gloriously executed and concluded. Ah! had it only been possible to have been present without being seen in that sweet moment, to have witnessed the pleasure and delight of those two lads when the performance ended! To look at each other for a moment with more than fraternal feeling, and to rush into each other's arms, expressive of their sympathy of soul, was the result of that impulse—so truly natural and irresistible under the circumstances.

“Was not that really beautiful?” exclaimed Fritz with lively emotion. “Ah, dear Anthony, it's a long, long time since we have been permitted to play that piece together without interruption!”

“Yes, Fritz, it was indeed splendid,” replied Anthony, “and my feelings are now more than ever worked upon by the effects of it. I could play night and day

without ceasing, could I but get rid of those horrible pots and trenchers, for heaven knows my heart is completely turned against potter's work!"

"And truly, Anthony," replied Fritz, "I unite with you in this feeling. But what are we to do?"

"If I could only induce my parents," said Anthony, "to let me learn some other trade, less irksome and laborious, and where I might be allowed to play the flute in my own hours, — even *that* would be better."

Fritz now suggested that they should play one more piece as time was advancing fast, and they accordingly sat down again and were just about to begin, when the moon retired behind a dark cloud. Gloomy night now encompassed them, and they waited in vain for the return of the moon's light by which to read their music. Cloud, however, followed cloud, and all their hopes were now frustrated. Moreover, Anthony thought that these dark

masses were the forerunners of an approaching storm, and he suggested it would be better to hasten back to the factory. Accordingly, the two friends bade a sorrowful adieu to their endeared spot, where they had experienced so much enjoyment, both mutually vowing to return to it as speedily as possible and there renew the feast of harmony.

As they proceeded on their way back, it became more and more cloudy, so much so, that they had great trouble in following the right path across the meadow. However, they gained the garden of the factory at last, and now they trod with cautious step its well known walks, proceeding to the lower part of the fence which they had surmounted before, and having succeeded in springing into the yard, they were hastening towards the entrance door of the factory, when suddenly the great yard-dog which could not see, much less recognize them in the darkness around, began to bark aloud. Struck with terror, the two

poor wanderers ran as fast as they could, and reached at length the door of the private staircase, but as ill-luck would have it, poor Fritz, in his anxiety to open it, fell against the adjoining pump and let his violin fall! This noise again roused the watchful dog, which began to bark afresh most furiously. Fortunately, however, the violinist recovered his instrument, and both musicians were in a few moments in their beds.

CHAPTER III.

Visit home—Anthony and Fritz's performances there—The two mothers' jealous pride in their sons as to which of the two boys is superior in talent—The nocturnal excursion discovered and shamefully betrayed to Herr Berkholz.

With the dawn of morning the workmen already began to arrive at the factory, but our two minstrels of the night still slept soundly, as if they had nothing to lose by their absence. At length, however, and just in the nick of time, they awoke,

and, dressing themselves, made their appearance in the workshop; both their instruments they had carefully locked up in their boxes.

When they entered the factory, they were met by Herr Berkholz, and it need not be said, how anxious they felt lest he might have some suspicion of their night's adventure. They wished him a good morning, but did not venture to look up at him, for their cheeks were burning red with conscious guilt. He however returned their greeting, saying, "Now mind, keep to your work, and pay attention to the directions given to you by the workmen."

This kind language was indeed a relief to them, for owing to their agitated feelings they had not even taken any breakfast. Now, however, as they found no one knew of their nocturnal stroll, they felt neither hunger nor thirst, and went cheerfully to work. In the evening they consulted together, and planned

another concert for the ensuing week. The delight they anticipated from the treat in prospect, when they would again have the means of "riding their hobby," was productive of great consolation to them. They now did as much again for Herr Berkholz as formerly; and they no longer expressed towards each other their wish to change their situation for another—they were contented, for they could now enjoy their music together.

This evident improvement in their spirits was quickly perceived by their parents, and although ignorant of its real origin, they nevertheless felt much pleased by the change, for they had often lamented in secret that their sons felt so unhappy in Herr Berkholz's establishment, and yet both families wished that their children should learn their business under the same master. They now, with the commencement of every month, looked with longing for the last Sunday, which brought to them their dear sons for a few hours. It is true, that

Fritz and Anthony, during this short interval, were not engaged exclusively with their parents, but devoted the time chiefly to music—for how could they possibly be expected to allow those hours to pass without playing together, when they had already sufficiently shown that they were ready to sacrifice even sweet sleep itself, rather than forego the pleasure they derived from their instruments.

And with this arrangement Anthony's mother was by no means dissatisfied. She could sit at her knitting for hours together and listen to the performance, for she had formerly often accompanied her father's violin on the pianoforte, and was herself very fond of music. Good Herr Traugott, however, owing to Anthony's Sunday being so much taken up with his music, found it almost impossible to have any conversation with him about his master; nevertheless, he was glad to find that his son was now more satisfied with his condition, especially as it was a considerable saving to him, for

he had now no need to find him in clothing and food. It was a custom with both the young friends on Sunday to visit each other's house alternately, and by this means they all spent a very pleasant afternoon.

One Sunday morning, very early, when the two youths had just finished their toilette, and were about to start for their home, their master's son Ferdinand, about seventeen years of age, met them as they were leaving the yard of the factory, and, in a very domineering manner, asked Fritz to ride out with him on horseback as his servant. This youth Ferdinand, it appears, was of a very proud, imperious disposition, and was already anxious to assume the same authoritative tone, which he had observed expressed by his father towards his people. His parents had started very early on that morning for a country excursion, and he was determined to avail himself of their absence to go out riding, although his father had given him

strict injunctions not to leave the premises. It was on this ride that he wished to have a servant to attend him. Fritz, however, told him that he was no horseman, and begged therefore to be excused the office. The other, however, insisted upon it, and said that as he was only an apprentice he was bound to obey his orders, and *must* go with him. The spirited Fritz replied, that it was true he was an apprentice, but it was in the service of his father, and not in his. Upon which, the proud, young *would-be* gentleman left him, threatening vengeance at some future time for this insolence, as he called it. Our two friends, however, went on their way, paying no further attention to him or his threats, and as this was the day for their meeting at Fritz's house, they proceeded thither, where Anthony found his parents already waiting for him.

Of course, they were scarcely seated, before the violin and flute were set in motion. Herr Traugott, the anti-harmonist,

proposed that they should all take a walk, but both the young musicians begged earnestly that they might be allowed to enjoy their little treat of music, which they always so fondly anticipated on that day, and their parents, although they would have preferred the walk, yielded to their wishes.

The concert accordingly commenced, the auditors were all attentive, and even Traugott became at length so converted by the performance, that he appeared pleased, and actually expressed some approbation. Anthony felt much encouraged by this; his countenance spoke how highly prized by him would be the permission to follow up the art in which he was so anxious to perfect himself. He felt a pride in showing what he was already able to perform on the flute, and in endeavouring to prove, that if only supported, he could not fail to make it a profitable employment. Fritz likewise, elicited much praise, and worked the bow manfully, with his whole

attention engrossed by the composition before him.

“Beautiful, beautiful!” exclaimed Susan, whilst her fond looks were directed to her dear Anthony, as he drew forth the sweet tones.

“Well, I must say,” quoth Traugott, “I could hardly have believed that the boys could have made themselves so clever on their instruments.”

“Why you know very well,” said his wife, smiling, “how often I told you that I was sure our Anthony had talents for the flute, which it is our duty to aid to the best of our means.”

“But, Susan, how *shall* we aid him?” asked Traugott, and he again pushed his cap over his left ear; “you know well that we have scarcely enough to support ourselves, and that we live only from hand to mouth. You lay down the law so, without reflecting that——”

“Hush, Hush! now don’t get out of temper, dear Traugott,” said his wife, “I

only mean that it is really unjust to compel our Anthony to learn potter's work, a trade which, as you say yourself, does not serve to maintain us."

"And, I repeat, potter's work *is* the best," said Traugott, as he walked to the window, "for what I hav'nt got, he will be able to earn as soon as he has properly learnt the trade."

"But now, my dear Madame Traugott," asked Fritz's mother, "don't you think our boy is remarkably clever on the violin? The flute would'nt sound at all well if my Fritz did not accompany it."

"Well, now really, Madame Weber," answered Susan, rather warmly, "I consider the flute to be the leading instrument, and that it requires much more skill than the other."

This little sort of dispute between the two mothers respecting the merits of their sons was carried on for some time, each being equally firm in her opinion—that *her* son was far superior to the other. In fact, the

contention became at last so loud that both musicians—the innocent authors of it—found their progress completely interrupted, and were forced to make a pause in their *Andantino* passage, in order to allow their mammas to substitute their *Allegro* movement.

“ Well, well,” exclaimed Herr Weber, “ never mind, my dear wife; and you Madame Traugott, surely you will not make the subject of our sons’ harmony together, one of discord between yourselves; now I will tell you what I think; neither of the lads know anything yet, and before they *can*, they must study a great deal.”

This opinion almost offended Susan: she said nothing, however, to Herr Weber, but the duet being concluded, she caught her dear Anthony in her arms, and kissing him, exclaimed, “ God bless you, my child, you do indeed play beautifully, and make me proud to be your mother!”

“ Come here, my Fritz,” exclaimed

Madame Weber on her part, "let me kiss you for the delightful music you have played on your violin: aye, aye, if it was not for your assistance, I am sure we should not be able to make up the concert."

In this state of feeling, the worthy Herr Weber thought it really was time to have the subject changed, and this he succeeded in doing, although with some difficulty, otherwise the result might have proved seriously unpleasant, and have produced open hostilities between the two naturally kind and affectionate mothers. Nevertheless, out of the observations made by the two dames, each of whom believed that her son really was the more clever of the two, there had actually arisen a slight misunderstanding, and they did not remain so long together to-day, as they usually did. When our two young friends, therefore, found themselves forced by this circumstance to give up their delightful entertainment sooner than they wished, they were extremely pained, especially as, not having

attended to what had been passing; they could not well account for the sudden change. When they did ascertain the origin of the dispute, they consoled themselves with the conviction, that their own faithful friendship for each other would not cease on that account, and they felt pretty certain, too, that the kindly feeling which existed between their parents, would not be materially affected by the slight difference of opinion which had been expressed.

About a week after this, Anthony and Fritz having planned together another nocturnal concert, an evening was appointed for their excursion to the favourite grove. They pursued the same course as before, and having got safely beyond the yard, they were already *en route* for the meadow, when they heard the sounds of distant footsteps.

“ Good Heavens, Fritz !” exclaimed Anthony, in alarm, “ what shall we do ? we are lost !”

"It is Herr Berkholz!" replied Fritz, "Quick! quick! let us hide ourselves behind this bush. Hush! stoop down! make haste Anthony, make haste!"

"No, no, Fritz, it's Ferdinand," said Anthony, "I am sure it is, for I know his step!"

"Only be silent, Anthony," said Fritz softly, "I see it is as you say; but perhaps he will pass us."

Both now crept close together and stooped down as low as they could. Ferdinand had now advanced so near, that they could plainly see his face by the bright moonlight.

"We are lost, Fritz: he sees us!" said Anthony, as he clung anxiously to his friend.

And, oh, fatal moment! just as poor Anthony was crouching closer to Fritz, his hand touched the violin which fell down, and made such a noise that its sound immediately caught the ear of Ferdinand as he passed. He stopped and

looked towards the bush : " Who's there ?" he cried in a loud tone.

Our poor trembling victims made no answer, hoping that the angry intruder would pass on, but no ! " Who's there ?" he again called out : and again receiving no reply, he exclaimed, " Well, I am determined to find out who it is ;" and being naturally of a daring, reckless disposition, he rushed towards the bush, and there found the two wandering musicians !

" What !" said he ; " it is you, is it ?" and as he said this, he seemed to enjoy their embarrassment. " Pray tell me," he continued, " what it is that brought you here, in this quarter, so late, eh ?"

" Why, hark ye, good Ferdinand," stammered out the two friends, " you shall know every thing—only don't tell your father."

" Oh, then," said he, still maliciously enjoying their state of perplexity, " I am not to tell my father that his steady apprentices are thus out at night from home, for

the purpose of practising *that* to which he so much objects? No, no, I am not going to be such a fool; he shall know all!"

"But, now, Ferdinand," begged Anthony, "you surely do not wish to make us miserable? We merely intended to play a few pieces together there in the grove, and then to return and go quietly to bed. Your father has always forbid us to let him see, much less to hear our instruments. So on that account we thought it better to enjoy our music at a little distance from home, and by doing so, I am sure we can do no harm to any one."

"Come, come, Ferdinand," said Fritz, grasping his hand, "you must not betray us; think of the many pleasant hours you and I have spent, when we were friends together, such, as I would hope, we may still remain."

"Yes, yes," said Ferdinand, "it is all very well now, master Fritz; but you will please to recollect that when I wanted you to do me a service by riding out with

me—merely as my groom—you turned up your nose at it and refused.”

“ But, Ferdinand,” appealed Fritz, “ you know I could not act the part of your servant, after having been till then your friend”—and with this he held out his hand to him, with a look of open-heartedness which seemed to embarrass the other.

The two friends now once more unitedly pressed him to abstain from betraying them—but the before-mentioned refusal still rankled inwardly, and he left them without promising either one way or the other. Poor Anthony and Fritz now looked mournfully at each other, both feeling convinced that their enemy would lose no time in revenging himself by disclosing, in an exaggerated form, the slight details of this unexpected meeting. They hastened home, therefore, and returning their instruments to their sacred depositories, deliberated together how they should act in this emergency.

CHAPTER IV.

The summons—The verdict—The judgment—Our two musicians banished the Pottery—Their distressed state—Maria's sympathy—The return home—The anger of the two fathers—Maria discharged by Herr Berkholz for the sympathy shown to the apprentices—Anthony's grief—Maria's departure.

After passing an almost sleepless night, our two apprentices were roused from their beds early the next morning by a messenger from their master, summoning them to appear before him immediately.

How can we describe the terror and dismay experienced at this dreadful moment by the two distressed musicians ! Their anxious looks at each other expressed, more than words could have conveyed, the pain they felt in this sad hour.

They proceeded, however, in obedience to the summons, to attend Herr Berkholz, and on being admitted, they found him

busily engaged in reading a book and taking his coffee, amidst the fragrant fumes of his splendid and substantial meerschaum. He appeared so absorbed in his book, coffee, and smoke, that our trembling culprits waited some time before their presence was noticed. Perceiving them, however, at length, Herr Berkholz put down the book, retaining his massive hookah in his mouth,—and signified by a look that they should approach nearer. Having poured out another cup of coffee, replenished his meerschaum, and once more set it in action, he turned composedly to the lads.

“Pray, sirs,” he inquired, in a severe tone of voice, “where were you last evening?”

Poor Anthony nudged Fritz that he should speak, and poor Fritz did the same to Anthony—each hesitating to make the beginning.

At length Anthony stammered out :
“Pardon us, dear Master, we were cer-

I strictly prohibited it. You have transgressed this law (puff), and having thus acted in opposition to my orders, I herewith cancel first *your* indentures (puff) Fritz Weber—and you can now return to your parents.”

“ Pray, for Heaven’s sake,” implored Fritz, clasping his hands, “ do not, dear master, go thus far in your punishment against us. I have never allowed my violin even to be seen in the factory; pray, pray, do not be so hard with us !”

“ And here,” continued Herr Berkholz, taking another whiff as he turned to Anthony, without attending to Fritz’s appeal, “ is *your* discharge, likewise, Anthony Traugott. When your father begged me to take you as an apprentice, I did so upon the condition that you should suspend that flute-blowing of your’s during your time with me. But you also have acted contrary to the agreement made, and herewith I hand you, too, *your* cancelled indentures. You can now

go and (puff) blow your flute as much as you like."

"Alas ! what shall, what shall I do?" exclaimed Anthony, weeping, "oh, pray, sir, do not turn me away : what will my poor mother and father say ? Let me entreat you to forgive us, and I will at once burn my flute, so that its attraction may mislead me no more !"

"No use, no use, I'm firm," said Herr Berkholz, as he pressed down the tobacco in his meerschaum bowl, lighted it again and sipped some more mocha, "and nothing shall or can change my mind. You shall go !" — Saying which, he turned to the window and resumed his reading, smoking, and sipping, utterly regardless of the distress to which in his usual phlegmatic and half-bearish manner, he had thus reduced his really industrious and hardworking apprentices.

The latter still lingered, in the hope that he would relent ; but they waited in vain ; and, in fact, he himself, finding, on looking

up, that they were still there, called out, "that it was no use for them to indulge any hopes,"—and commanded them to leave the house at once. This order they now obeyed; but before they left him, they both approached him and begged at least to be allowed to shake hands with him at parting. Even to this, however, he would not accede, but exclaimed, "Begone, begone! I'll not give my hand to disorderly persons who are out at night."

"Well then, farewell, master," said both, "may Heaven pardon *him* who has thus so shamefully and unjustly defamed us to you!"

When the boys reached the passage, they found their good-hearted and sympathising friend, Maria, waiting to learn the result, and when they told her of their sad dismissal, she was affected even to tears. Such kind sympathy could not but be consoling to the feelings of both youths—and they expressed their grateful emotions by shaking her warmly by the

hand. She went up stairs with them to assist in packing their things, and after all was ready, she insisted upon getting aid from the factory to convey their boxes home, which having been done, they parted from each other, with feelings of deep regret.

When Anthony arrived at home, he found his good mother busily repairing a valuable jug which had been left to be mended. His father was out, having been sent for upon business.

"What, Anthony, is that you?" exclaimed his mother in alarm, "what brings you here at this unusual time? Does your master know that you are come here? Speak, dear Anthony, what does all this mean?"

"Yes, dear mother," replied the son, "my master is quite aware of my coming here." Saying which, he brought out of his pocket the discharge he had received from Herr Berkholz.

"Good Heavens! why, Anthony, what

is it you have done to be turned away like this?" exclaimed Susan, as she read the document, worded as follows :

"Anthony Traugott is this day discharged from my factory, because he has acted against orders and regulations, and has been found out of his room beyond the walls of the factory at night.

Berkholz, Master-Potter."

"But, good gracious, Anthony! tell me, what have you been doing then out at night?" asked his mother.

Anthony now related to her the whole history of events. He had scarcely ended when his father returned, and, surprised at finding his son there, fixed upon him a look of inquiry, as to the cause of so unexpected a visit. The poor lad was now quite overcome, and burst into tears, whilst his mother repeated to her husband what Anthony had just communicated to her.

"So, there we have it!" exclaimed Traugott violently: "these then are the fruits of your flute-blowing, eh? Now

here we are all fixed again! We have nothing to eat, no, not even for ourselves, and must now——”

“ Stop, stop, dear father, I entreat you, I will take care to find a place somewhere else this very day. Besides, we have neither of us, either Fritz or myself, done anything wicked, nor have we ever failed in performing our duty in Herr Berkholz’s service.”

“ You say—*we*! Is then Fritz no longer with his master?” enquired Traugott.

“ No, he is discharged likewise. Oh, Herr Berkholz is certainly a most hard-hearted man: we begged him to forgive us, and we both engaged solemnly never to take either flute or violin again—nay, I promised even to burn my flute—but he would not listen to us.”

“ Well, it’s a pretty piece of business, however,” resumed the father, angrily, as he pushed his cap on one side. “ What’s to be done with the two rascals now?”

At this moment neighbour Weber

entered, holding in his hand his son's discharge, which, without saying a word, he offered for the perusal of Traugott.

"What! is your Anthony expelled too?" said Herr Weber, as he saw the poor lad standing in grief beside his box.

"Oh, to be sure!" returned Traugott, "These are the effects of their night music together. Has not Fritz told you that already?"

"No," replied Weber, "he has not said a word about it to me."

"Good neighbour!" interposed Susan, endeavouring to calm the ire of the two men, "depend upon it your son has been silent only because he was afraid of being scolded; but do not be angry with him for it. Both of our lads are really to be pitied, and it is cruel of their master to act so unjustly as to——"

"Eh! what!" observed her husband; "Herr Berkholz is well known all over the town and country to be that sort of person, and when one is aware that such is his

character, and that he deals thus strictly and without any ceremony towards even his best workmen, one ought to act accordingly. That is my honest opinion about it."

"Dear, good Traugott," said Susan soothingly, "our Anthony——"

"Deserves to be turned out of *our* house as well as his master's, immediately!" exclaimed the irritated father.

"But, dear father," anxiously implored the lad, "I will not be burdensome to you: I will take the first situation that offers, and labour with all my might."

"But who will receive either of you," observed Weber, "when they learn that you have been discharged from your late apprenticeship for running out at night? Nobody! Every one will say, naturally, 'We cannot employ such turnaways.'"

"Nay, but neighbour Weber," began Susan, after a little pause, "no person of any feeling or rational mind will decide so unjustly, for our sons have, at any rate,

done nothing mean or low. A situation will, I have no doubt, soon present itself for each of them."

"Well, my boy may go for a soldier, for what I care" said Weber, "and then he will be *forced* to obey. He is already seventeen years old, and strong and tall enough for that service." Saying which, he was just leaving, when at the door he was met by Maria, who entered and brought Traugott the news, "that she had likewise been obliged to leave her place."

"But, God bless me!" exclaimed the Potter, "Do tell me, then, what has really happened! Two apprentices and the house-keeper discharged, all of a sudden, and on the same day! I cannot make this out. It looks, to say the least, very suspicious, and must originate in some very bad conduct somewhere."

"All I have done to cause my dismissal was this, I can assure you, good Herr Traugott. I merely expressed my sympathy for your son Anthony and Fritz

Weber, this morning, and assisted them to pack up their things, and to get them home ; and that malicious young man, Ferdinand, whose boots I once refused to clean, saw what I did, and, out of revenge, went and told his father, and, I need not say, you know Herr Berkholz pretty well. Whenever his people live together upon good and friendly terms in his house, he always believes that they must be devising schemes against him, and are trying to betray him. Accordingly, he sent for me just now, gave me my wages and this discharge, which, indeed, I have not even yet read."

Traugott took it from her, and read as follows :—

"The housekeeper, Maria Sellow, is this day discharged from my service, because I can employ no one who shows sympathy for, and makes common cause with disorderly apprentices.

Berkholz, Master-Potter."

The two fathers looked at each other, and knew not what to say about it. But

when Anthony heard that he and his friend Fritz were the cause of the kind-hearted girl's losing her place, he was much pained and grieved for her misfortune, even more so than for his own.

"Poor Maria!" he said, with emotion, "I am indeed sorry to think you should suffer likewise, and through us too! Would that I had never known the flute! I should not then have caused unhappiness to others, as well as to myself. May God forgive Ferdinand the malicious conduct he has shown!"

Neighbour Weber now left, and promised to return shortly and consult with Traugott, about what was best to be done for Maria—both feeling that they were in duty bound to do all they could; for, strictly speaking, but for their sons' mishap, she would still, perhaps, have retained her situation. Maria, however, begged of them "not to be in any anxiety on her account, as she had determined to devote a part of her wages to travelling to a small village,

some fifty or sixty miles off, where she had an old and kind aunt residing, who would be sure to receive her as a mother would her child, and where she should therefore be quite comfortable, until she had procured another place."

Accordingly, good Traugott assisted in arranging her departure, by providing the conveyance and other necessary preparations for her journey, whilst poor Anthony and his friend Fritz insisted upon carrying her trunk between them to the diligence, in like-manner as she had assisted them in having their boxes conveyed to their home.

They took the trunk to the post-house at a little distance from the town : both families accompanied the poor girl, and all took an affectionate leave of her, sincerely wishing she might speedily procure a better situation than the one she had through them been forced to leave. The coach now drove off, and the good Maria was soon lost to view.

CHAPTER V.

Anthony's lucky meeting with a Danish nobleman—The latter's fondness for music—Engages Anthony as his page—Anthony's joy—The farewell scene at home—Departure with the Count for Copenhagen.

One day Anthony came home much elated, bringing news that he had now an excellent opportunity of forming an engagement with a rich Danish nobleman, who was at that moment making a short stay in the town, on his return home to his seat, near Copenhagen ; in fact, he added that he had already communicated with him, and the Count was extremely desirous that he should accompany him on the following day, when he intended to leave.

“ Whut, Anthony ! ” exclaimed his mother, in alarm, “ to Copenhagen, and by sea ? Never, my child ! Pray, who and what is this said Count ? ”

“ Why, I cannot say I know more about him than what I have already told you— excepting that he is very fond of the flute, and promises that I shall play upon it as much as I like, if I only perform my duty in his service,” replied the delighted boy.

“ And pray,” enquired the father, “ in what character are you to enter his service ?”

“ Oh, why, at first,” said Anthony, “ I am to be his page, but afterwards, if I behave well, he will make me his valet-de-chambre.”

“ But, my dear Traugott,” rejoined Susan, with emotion, “ you surely will not trust our Anthony so far away from us, and perhaps expose him to the risk of never returning again to his native country ?”

“ I will go myself Susan,” replied the husband, “ and wait upon the gentleman ; I shall then be better enabled to judge how to act.” Accordingly, he took his hat and stick and set out for the inn.

Meantime, poor Susan, with tears in her eyes, and altogether much affected at the thought of losing her dear Anthony, used all her affectionate influence in order to induce him to abandon the idea of quitting his home, never, as she thought, to return to it! Her son, however, was firm in the opinion, that the change contemplated would in the end prove of the greatest benefit to them all; "He should then," he said, "be able to earn plenty of money, which he would save up and send home occasionally; besides which, he should, as the Count had promised, come and see them now and then, so that they would always know how he was going on. In fact, he felt assured," he said, "finally, that he should be happy in his new situation, especially as the good Count had told him, he might practise his favourite instrument in his leisure hours, and thus he *must* become a proficient musician."

But all his encouraging assurances were of no avail with his despondent mother—

she could not bear the idea of his going such a distance, and across the dangerous ocean, too! However, just at this moment, Herr Traugott returned, apparently in a satisfied and cheerful mood, and having deposited his stick in the accustomed corner, he said, smilingly, "Well, Susan, I have had some conversation with the Count, and I really must say I found him to be an extremely kind and affable man, and one, too, I am quite sure, who would never deal unjustly with any one, much less with those in his service. His manners are so mild and gracious, that, really, although you know Susan I am not one to speak with high personages, I felt quite at my ease when talking with him, and I chatted on with him as freely and confidentially,—aye, just the same as with my neighbour Weber there."

"But," anxiously enquired his wife, "you surely have not concluded the matter, Traugott?"

"Yes, my dear Susan, I have," he

replied and stepped hastily to the window ;
“ The Count is coming here directly to see
you and our family arrangements. Here
he comes—quick, make everything nice
and tidy.”

He had hardly announced his arrival
before the Count entered the room. An-
thony and his father both bowed very
respectfully, whilst Susan humbly offered
him a chair, giving it however another
brush with her apron as she did so.

The nobleman now sat down, and turn-
ing to the anxious mother, addressed him-
self to her with the inquiry, “ whether she
had now quite made up her mind about
trusting her son Anthony to his charge ?”
Poor Susan tried to answer, but could only
do so by a flood of tears. At the sight of
this, her affectionate Anthony threw his
arms round her neck, and besought her to
compose herself. The good Count assured
her that she really might calm her feelings,
for her son should be as comfortable and
happy with him as if he remained at home.

He would likewise most willingly allow him to visit his parents occasionally; besides which, Anthony should regularly write home, so that they would know he was comfortable and well treated. But, he added, as he was on the point of starting immediately, he begged them to determine quickly, as not a moment was to be lost.

"Come, come, my dear Susan," said Traugott, "give your consent, you know how often you have reminded me to verify by my conduct the meaning conveyed by my name,—to trust in God! And I am quite sure we may in this case, for God will not forsake our boy; besides, he will become acquainted with the world and mankind, far better than if he remain buried here in our isolated town, and I am also convinced that he will be a support to us in our old age—won't you Anthony?"

"Yes, my dear father, that I will!" exclaimed Anthony, with affectionate warmth; "Yes, yes; we shall meet again,

my dear mother, and all my savings shall be poured into your lap, where you have so often nursed me!"

"Now, dear Susan," said her husband, "do let me beg of you to submit to the temporary sacrifice, and let our Anthony proceed with the noble Count, accompanied with our blessing. Besides, you see that kind gentleman has no time to lose."

Susan at length yielded, and acted as under the circumstances was certainly most advisable, feeling convinced that all must experience great good, eventually, by Anthony's change of sphere.

"Go then, my dear son," said the mother, "and may the blessing of God accompany you. My lord, I commit to your keeping our only child; be thou his guardian and counsellor."—At this moment the Count's carriage drew up, and immediately afterwards Anthony's friend and musical associate, Fritz, with his father and mother, entered the room to take leave. For, on his way from the

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hotel, Traugott had already given them to understand what had taken place, and informed them of Anthony's happy prospects.

"Dear Anthony," exclaimed the affectionate Fritz, as he clasped his hand, warmly, "shall we ever meet again? Yes, yes, I feel assured we shall, and our instruments shall again join in sweet harmony. Ah! how I shall miss you! Farewell, Anthony, God bless you," exclaimed the kind-hearted youth, as he clasped Anthony to his breast, "and forget not your sincere friend Fritz!"

And now the parting moment arrived. The good Traugott took Anthony's hand, and said: "Go, Anthony, and may you be happy. Do your duty to your noble master, and wherever you are, always act honestly and virtuously, for then you must be happy. God bless you, my boy!"

Poor Anthony! It is needless to say how much his feelings were overcome at this moment, for he had not foreseen that



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*Anthony's departure from home in the Service
of a Nobleman.*

the parting would prove so painful. The Count, however, who was likewise moved at the scene he witnessed, now rose, and kindly shaking hands with Traugott and Susan, bade them farewell, and Anthony, holding his mother's hand, with Fritz by his side, followed his noble master to the carriage. The Count having entered it, Anthony took one more affecting leave of his parents, Fritz, and the Webers, and hastily mounted the box. The postillion now blew his horn, and amidst the farewell prayers and blessings of all around, the young valet-musician was borne away by four post horses at their utmost speed.

CHAPTER VI.

The journey—Anthony's contemplations—
The Count's increased satisfaction—Stralsund—
Our hero's wonder and delight—The voyage—
Copenhagen—Arrival at the Count's palace—
His lady and daughter, Lady Julia—The
Count's welcome home.

The new scenes, which, as he proceeded on his journey, now presented themselves before the wondering eyes of our young musician, soon engrossed his whole attention, and for a time he forgot, in their contemplation, his home and all its affectionate recollections. His mind then became more and more absorbed in the consideration of his present changed position—so sudden and yet so happy—and how it might affect his future career in life; and especially did he dwell upon the encouraging influence it might produce upon his favourite pursuit, and whether the opportunity might at length be granted

to him, by which he might be enabled to develope and make perfect the talent he had received from Nature in that divine art, which he so dearly cherished.

The Count was anxious to reach home quickly; accordingly, they made as few stoppages on the road as possible, halting only here and there for a few hours in the larger towns, the survey of which, slight as it was, could not fail to excite the interest of our young and inexperienced traveller. All this time he took particular care to fulfil the duties of his new situation with every possible punctuality and attention, so much so, as to give great satisfaction to his lord, who expressed himself to Anthony accordingly.

At the end of three weeks they reached the seaport town of Stralsund. Here, for the first time in his life, the wonder-stricken youth beheld the ocean! Such a panorama was to him a source of awe-inspiring astonishment! With the permission of the Count, he strolled along the shore; and

when he beheld the large merchant ships which hitherto he had only known from imperfect pictures, and which appeared to him like floating houses, his surprise and delight were so much excited, that he almost shouted for joy. The murmurings of the waves also produced such agreeable tones in his musical ears, that, involuntarily, he drew his flute from his pocket. His soul was entranced by the grand and solemn scene; and, as the melancholy sound of the billows fell upon him at intervals, he breathed into the melody he was playing, the most tender feelings of his excited heart. In this mood, a tear ran down his cheek, he thought of home, of his beloved mother and good father, and then of his dear friend and companion,—his brother harmonist Fritz! But, notwithstanding all this, he was happy—for now he was permitted to play without being watched—free and undisturbed—upon his beloved flute! The joyful prospect, too, that by integrity and diligence in his new

situation, he could save up so much, that he would one day be enabled to bring his dear parents from their humble abode and support them respectably in Copenhagen, made him so cheerful, that he felt renewed strength and vigour, and all his melancholy and sadness vanished.

On his return to the hotel, he found that the Count was just about to send for him, in order to get all the luggage ready and conveyed on board, and which had scarcely been done, before all the passengers were summoned by the ship's bell. The wind being favourable, the anchor was weighed, the sails swelled high, and they were launched upon the ocean.

It is unnecessary to say how his sudden transposition excited the bewildered young sailor; for, in fact, when he looked at every thing around him as they sailed along, he was scarcely master of his senses. The voyage was extremely pleasant, the weather being very favourable, and with the exception of the sickness he endured,

in common with the rest of the passengers, Anthony enjoyed it much. It was on a lovely evening, and when the moon was at the full, that our traveller first saw Copenhagen, with its lofty, splendid towers, gradually rising to view above the waters ; a sight truly noble and majestic. The broad expanse of the ocean, which, in the bright moonshine, resembled a large mirror, was there spread out before him ; the noble capital of Denmark itself, with its high turrets, whose polished metal knobs shone in the bright moonlight like balls of fire—all of which combined to produce a profound impression on the simple and innocent mind of Anthony, and made the whole appear to him like a fairy scene.

At length they cast anchor, and the passengers disembarked and trod once more on *terra firma*. And now, what a scene presented itself to the wondering Anthony ! Everywhere around were heard the hearty greetings and congratulations of friends, who had been anxiously awaiting the

arrival of his fellow-passengers, and between one dear friend and the other was exchanged the sincere and happy welcome. For a time, poor Anthony felt affected at this sight; for ah! what would he not have given, if, at that moment, such tender feelings could have been experienced by himself!

He, however, soon recovered himself, and with manly resolution proceeded to assist the sailors in conveying the luggage to the palace of the Count, which was situated but a short distance from the shore. Their approach was soon perceived, and as they arrived at the gates of the mansion, which they found already opened, the whole household assembled in the hall, ready prepared to receive their lord; and in another moment the Count's lady and daughter had descended the noble staircase and were locked in his affectionate arms—a heartfelt scene of happy reunion after a long absence, in which all around appeared to share most cordially, and by all of whom

our young stranger was heartily welcomed and soon made completely at home.

CHAPTER VII.

Anthony initiated in his new office—The Count's affability and kindness—Anthony's spare time devoted to his flute—Engaged by the Countess as music copyist—His performance praised and rewarded—Our hero's present happy condition and prospects—The jealous and envious Yäger, or Huntsman.

The fatigue of his journey caused our new Valet to make his appearance in attendance upon the Count rather later than he wished ; and, inwardly mortified at this apparent breach of punctuality,—just, too, on the very first morning after his arrival at the Castle—he hastened to apologize for his seeming neglect. The Count, however, received him very kindly, and told him not to be uneasy about it, for it was quite excusable if, under the

circumstances, he should be later than usual. Comforted now, Anthony proceeded at once to the steward's room, and in the execution of the orders he received, he evinced so much zeal and ability that he soon elicited the most gratifying marks of approbation. Having now been initiated in all the duties which devolved upon him in his particular department, and his services not being required any longer for the present, he retired to his neat and quiet room, where he was at perfect liberty to remain until he was summoned by the bell.

And who was, or could be more happy now than our potter-musician? For was he not now able to devote his leisure moments to the practise of his treasured flute, without interruption and dread of reproach, inasmuch as it was sanctioned by his kind master! Encouraged therefore by this, he lost not a moment in availing himself of the opportunity, and taking up his instrument, poured forth

those strains of melody to which his music-loving soul so longed to give vent; and thus, gradually transported by the harmonious warblings he was permitted to indulge in, to the sweet, happy scenes of his enchanting world of melodious sounds, he became so wholly and solely absorbed, that when, after a couple of hours or so, his presence was summoned by the bell, *that* sound was completely lost to his ear, and accordingly, no attention was paid to it. On did our flutist continue to blow, note after note, and from one key to another, expressive of his excited and enraptured feelings, until, at length, the heavenly dream to which the enthusiasm of his soul had gradually conducted him, was suddenly dashed to the ground and destroyed, by the abrupt entrance into his room of the Countess's Yäger, who, rather spitefully, observed, "that the bell having been rung more than once, without its summons having been obeyed, he had now come to fetch him:" adding, in a grumbling

tone, "that he must pay more attention in future." At these words poor Anthony thought of his former master, Herr Berkholz, and inwardly resolved not to play with so much zeal and devotion again, lest he might here, in a foreign country, receive a second such dismissal. Following the Yäger, he was shown to the Countess's apartments, and was told by the former to wait in the antechamber. In a few moments the noble lady appeared, and mildly addressing him, said; "I have been informed, Anthony, by my lord, that you are acquainted with music!"

"I have endeavoured to acquire some proficiency therein, my lady, in order to fill up my vacant hours," replied Anthony, diffidently.

"Well, then, I wish to know," said the Countess, satisfied with Anthony's observation, "if you are able to copy for me this score for the pianoforte?"

"Oh yes, my lady," returned Anthony quickly, "I have often copied music."

“ Very well, I will speak to the Count about it, and arrange with him to have your work done for him, meanwhile, by another person. First, however, just write me down a few bars upon this sheet of music paper, in order to see if I can read them plainly.”

Anthony hastened to his room, and immediately copied off a small portion of the score, and as soon as the notes were quite dry, he returned and presented them to the Countess. She found them very well done, and praised him for his ability, not having expected such talent, she said, in a person of his station in life. It was then arranged, as she wished the original to be copied immediately, and had just spoken with the Count upon the subject, that the young musician, to his great delight, should commence his task at once, and devote his whole time to that employment alone.

Thus did our young hero already behold the good results produced by his unflinch-

ing perseverance, in the study of his favourite art. The constant attention he had devoted towards its acquirement from his childhood upwards—in spite of the disheartening opposition he had been continually forced to encounter—and the industry with which he had so energetically applied himself to increase his knowledge therein, were now about to reap the good fruit they merited, and the first step was gained towards their acknowledgment and appreciation. At the same time, our modest and unpretending musician felt more than doubly gratified with the encouragement he now received, because it was produced without any cringing effort being required on his part, inasmuch as its foundation was laid by his own personal merits alone.

In the excess of his delight, and before he began his labours, Anthony could not withhold from writing a long letter to his parents, in which he related to them in the affectionate language of his heart, all that had passed since he had parted from

them: the wonders of the voyage, his happy arrival and reception at the castle, and how kindly he was treated both by the Count and his lady; adding, especially, the particulars of the musical task he had in hand, which, he said, they would naturally suppose must be to him one truly grateful. He begged them to write soon to him, to remember him to his dear friend Fritz, and assured them of his continued love and affection. Having despatched this letter to the post, his heart felt now more at ease, and he was enabled to sit down to work with tranquil and undisturbed feelings.

He worked with such diligence and perseverance, and felt himself, as he progressed in his performance, so completely at home, that after the lapse of a fortnight or so, he found he had already accomplished nearly three-fourths of his task. And this too, to his great joy, he had been fortunate enough to complete, page by page, without any mistake, neither

was blot or irregular note to be traced throughout; in fact, he wrote so incessantly, frequently until late at night, that the Countess was obliged to forbid his doing so, fearing he might injure his eyes. At length, before the expiration of another fortnight, he finished entirely the whole of his undertaking, and having folded it up carefully, was about to take it to the Countess, when it occurred to him to examine the whole once more, in case any slight mistake might have crept in. Upon this closer revision, he did certainly find *one* place where a point was wanting to a quaver note, but which point was likewise missing in the *original*, so that the error did not really originate with himself. He, however, amended it in the copy, but not in the Countess's Manuscript, inasmuch as he felt he had no right of correction over *that*.

He now proceeded with his packet to the apartments of his noble lady. He waited in the antechamber whilst the

Yäger delivered it, and after a short time, the Countess herself appeared, holding in her hand the copy. She smilingly acknowledged Anthony's low bow, and exclaimed, in a kindly tone of voice, "How, Anthony, have you done it already?" as, with evident satisfaction, she cast her eyes through the manuscript pages, "You have indeed been extremely industrious as well as expeditious, but not *too much* so I trust," as she looked at Anthony inquiringly, "so as to have made any mistake in it?"

"I believe not, my lady," answered Anthony, diffidently, "I have made a point of going through the whole of the score very carefully."

"Well, I am very much pleased with the neat and clear style in which you have copied it," she resumed, with visible pleasure: "pray just wait a moment, Anthony," she added, as she hastily left the apartment. A few moments elapsed

when she returned, and placing in his hand a gold coin, she said—

“ Here, Anthony, accept this trifle as a slight remuneration for the trouble you have bestowed upon this task.”

Our humble, simple, potter-musician was quite overcome, and lost all power of speech for the moment; at length he faltered out, “ Noble lady, I already receive wages, board, and lodging; surely it is not right for me to expect, much less receive aught for this little performance?” and as he said this, he offered to the Countess, the gold coin back again. She, however, kindly intimated, by a nod, that he was to keep it; saying,

“ If this engagement has not been irksome to you, Anthony, I can further employ you. We have several more valuable pieces of the same kind, and of which we should like to possess copies, as they are seldom, and in many cases not at all to be obtained.” Anthony, it need not be said, expressed how happy he should be to

continue this employment,—one so much to his taste ; and bowing gratefully to the Countess, he retired, and, full of delight and happiness, stepped lightly along the corridor, and reaching his own room, shut himself in to enjoy the recollection of the past scene. Here he looked at the gold coin and found it was what was termed a double *Frederick d'or* ! His joy at this was great, and he determined not to make use of it, but by the next opportunity to send it to his dear parents, as the first offering of affection produced by his first labours.

CHAPTER VIII.

The birthday visit to the Count's sister, Madame von Müller—The disastrous journey—Happy arrival—Madame von Müller—Lady Julia's charitable and philanthropic disposition—Her visit to the sick child—The conflagration—Lady Julia's danger and rescue from the flames by Anthony—His scorched state and suffering therefrom.

Some few days afterwards, Anthony again received music to copy, when it was expressly stated to him, "that as this portion was far from being of such great value as the former, he need not consequently bestow too great pains upon it." Anthony, however, felt himself called upon to execute it with, if possible, even more neatness and nicety than the other, and he made a point of diligently playing over upon his flute some of the most select parts, in order to test their state of correctness, thus combining pleasure with his labour.

Thus, a period of several weeks and months had passed away, when one day he received instructions to hold himself in readiness for a journey on the following morning, as the Count, his Lady, and daughter intended making a little tour, in which Anthony was to attend the Count. These orders were delivered to him by the Countess's Yäger, in a form and manner which led Anthony to conclude that he was not pleased at seeing the Count confer such a distinction upon the "poor, stupid, simple German;" the family, upon such little trips, having always taken with them the Yäger *only*. This jealous and envious feeling was by no means pleasant to Anthony, and he carefully avoided every thing that could be at all construed into a cause of strengthening the man in any supposition that he himself at all wished to withdraw from him the favour of his master, in order to have them transferred to himself.

Very early the next morning, the tra-

velling carriage was drawn into the Castle court, and several servants were soon engaged in getting the luggage ready packed and secured in the carriage. The horses having been put to, the Count and his family appeared and entered the vehicle; whilst Anthony, having hastily thrust his flute into his pocket, mounted the dickey with the Yäger, and the carriage rolled out of the Castle gates.

It appears that this happened to be the anniversary of the birthday of the Count's sister, Madame von Müller, widow of the President of the Royal Council, who lived on her estate some few miles distant from the capital, and the object of the present trip was to pay her a visit of congratulation, and make such suitable presents as in his affectionate brotherly feelings towards her, the good Count made it a rule to offer on such an occasion. This little information Anthony succeeded, with great difficulty, in gleaning from his morose companion, the Yäger, who, in spite of the youth's endeavours to

bring him to a state of more friendly association, preserved, nevertheless, the same forbidding disposition and manner towards him. Neither the charming and luxuriant scenery they travelled through, combining richly cultivated meadows in which were grazing the numerous flocks of the healthy, happy peasantry, nor the simple, but, for the occasion, suitable remarks of the delighted Anthony, had any favourable effect upon him. Anthony was, therefore, naturally pleased when at length the noble mansion, the seat of the lady they were hastening to congratulate, and the pretty village around it, appeared in the distance. They had still, however, some five or six miles to get over before they could reach their destination, and, as they proceeded, the weather changed, and the horizon became darker and darker, proclaiming the approach of a violent thunder-storm. The Count in his anxiety for his family—for as the distance was not great, he had merely made use of his light, half-covered tra-

velling carriage, now ordered the postillion to gallop on as fast as possible.

The rain now poured down in torrents; the thunder rolled in awful peals, and the vivid flashes of lightning followed in quick succession. It was indeed a dreadful, fearful moment! The ladies, although severely drenched, in spite of their cloaks and shawls, were actually more alarmed at the thunder and lightning, and clung in a fainting condition to the Count, who, thus doubly distressed on their account, tried to comfort them as much as possible, assuring them, that they could not now be far from the end of their journey. The postillion now urged on the horses, and turning at length the winding of the high road, they, to their great joy, entered the avenue leading to the mansion. At this welcome sight, all joined in returning thanks to God, and in a few minutes afterwards the drenched equipage with its soaking inmates arrived before the gates.

Here they were speedily welcomed by

Madame von Müller, who was extremely happy to see them ; but on beholding the condition they were in, she felt for them extremely, and exclaimed ; “ Alas ! beloved friends what a dreadful journey you must have had ! And for *my* sake too ! ” embracing her brother, sister-in-law, and niece, with affectionate sympathy.

“ Why,” remarked the good Count, in a jocular tone ; “ it looks rather ominous, I must say ; you must surely, dear sister, have committed some grievous sin, or at any rate, not have behaved very well, to have brought down such a storm on your birthday ! ”

“ Nay, dear Edward,” she returned, as she once more embraced him, “ if you can *still* joke as usual, then I am happy, for it shows that *you*, at least, are not a severe sufferer. But, come, my dears, addressing the two ladies, “ let us hasten to prevent any ill effects arising from the distressed state into which you have been

thrown ;" and she hurried with them to her apartment.

Each having in a short time recovered from the fatigue of the journey, and all having made themselves once again comfortable, the family party reassembled in the parlour. The various *souvenirs* brought, were then produced from the different cases, and presented by her affectionate relations to Madame von Müller, upon whom these proofs of continued love and friendship produced the most pleasing and delightful impressions. The storm having subsided, they walked into the garden and plantations adjoining, where everything presented the most refreshing appearance, and offered the sweetest fragrance around. Here, as they sauntered along in affectionate discourse, the gentle and touching warblings of a flute struck upon their ear, conveying the most melodious and delicious strains. They paused and listened long with pleasure and delight ; whilst an enquiring glance from the President's

widow was met by her brother's gratified look, and the observation, that "those sounds came, he had no doubt, from the flute of his valet Anthony." He then told his sister how fond the youth was of that instrument, how eagerly he seized every opportunity to cultivate it, and that, finding he really had the natural talent for it, he had given him his sanction to follow it up. And truly the Count was right in his conjecture : for Anthony, having strolled out, felt so agreeably excited by the beautiful scenery around him, (which now, after the storm, was rendered doubly luxuriant by the genial rays of the sun,) that he sat down near a grove and availed himself of a moment so alluring, to give expression to his happy feelings.

The visitors prolonged their stay at the chateau considerably beyond the period originally intended, for Madame von Müller, extremely anxious to retain them as long as she could, left no means untried that her affection could suggest to amuse and

interest them. At length, however, the day was fixed for their departure ; but, in the meantime, an event occurred, which, although sufficiently distressing as it turned out for the time, was not attended, very providentially, with fatal consequences, which compelled them to remain longer, even to the extent of several weeks.

The Count's amiable daughter, lady Julia, who was now in her sixteenth year, possessed a most charitable and philanthropic heart, so much so, that when at home, she always kept a distinct charity box, from which she regularly relieved the poor in the vicinity of the castle. To this noble object she devoted all her spare money, in preference to expending it on dresses for balls, operas, or grand galas. She had likewise exercised this charitable feeling throughout the period of her visit at her aunt's, especially towards the poorer children of the village, who, by her desire, attended every morning at the chateau to receive her donations. If any of them

happened to be ill, and could not come themselves, she visited them at their cottages, and by her kind advice and consolation contributed much to their recovery. She had thus rendered herself almost an object of worship among the little grateful subjects of her benevolence, so much so, that when she left them, they clung around her to the last moment, exclaiming, in a tone of entreaty, "Oh, lady, dear lady Julia, do not leave us! Pray do not go yet!" and it was with great difficulty she could escape from them.

One evening lady Julia paid one of these Samaritan visits to one of her little protégés who had been taken ill very suddenly, and on entering the house, she took her seat by the side of her couch. She took its little hand, and sought, by the endearing tones of her sweet voice to give it consolation and assuage its pain; whilst the child's mother, seated on the other side of the bed, wept tears of gratitude as she listened to the kind and gentle words

which flowed from the mouth of the charitable, though high-born visitor.

During her absence, her parents and Madame von Müller had remained seated in the drawing-room, engaged in confidential communication with each other upon family matters. Suddenly, they heard the tower bell sound the alarm, and the cry of "Fire, Fire!" resounded throughout the whole village. The Count and the two ladies rushed from their chairs to the window, and, throwing aside the curtains, they were horror stricken at seeing one of the houses in the village, right in front and within a stone's throw of them, in one entire blaze!

"God help the poor creatures!" exclaimed Madame von Müller, "Let us hope no one is burnt!" Just as she uttered these words, they beheld one or two strong men bear out of the burning mass the form of a female. She was not dead, although much burnt, and in piercing shrieks called out to the people, to save her child. "Save,

oh, save my child, dear, good people, and rescue the lady Julia ; oh, hasten, hasten !” she continued to cry out.

“ Gracious Heaven !” exclaimed the Count, “ what, is our Julia there ? God forbid ! no, no, she is in the house here surely !” and not waiting a moment, he rushed forth into the village, leaving the Countess and his sister in the most dreadful state of alarm and terror, and who, after searching everywhere, and not finding Julia in any part of the house, immediately hastened after the Count.

On reaching the scene of conflagration, the agitated nobleman enquired hastily of the crowd ; “ Tell me, is my daughter in that house ?”

“ Yes, my lord,” replied several people, whose clothes were much burnt, “ the young Countess, who was on a visit to the sick child, is still there, and we fear she must perish, for the roof itself will fall in directly.”

“ Merciful Heaven ! protect my child ! ” exclaimed the Count, and snatching a cloak from one of the bystanders, he was about to rush into the burning pile, but which he was withheld from doing, by the Yäger, who, roused to a recollection of the obligations he was under from his childhood to this noble family, seized the mantle, and leaving his almost fainting master in the hands of the friendly people around, he himself made a desperate spring into the house—but he did not enter alone. Our potter-musician, who had only just arrived at the scene, was soon informed of the perilous state in which lady Julia was, and with the resolution and self-devotion of a hero, without a moment’s delay, rushed after the Yäger to the rescue.

The Countess, who, with Madame von Müller, had now likewise arrived and joined the Count, uttered prayers to Heaven for the salvation of her child, in which she was united by the whole of the sympathising villagers, and all felt

strengthened by the hope and faith they placed in the merciful protection of an all-ruling Providence. An awful silence now reigned throughout the assembly; not a word was uttered, every one being in a state of the most anxious expectation. At length, just as they were about to fear and conclude that lady Julia and the child, together with the courageous young men, must have become indeed the victims of the flames, the Yäger staggered out from the burning mass with the child wrapped up in the cloak, and exclaimed, as he placed it in its mother's arms; "Here is your child, good woman, and, thank God, unharmed; lady Julia is also alive, borne in the arms of Anthony." As he said this, Anthony was already seen approaching with the lady, firmly enclasped by his youthful and vigorous arms, and at length, having forced his way through the fire and smoke, he made one spring from the destructive element, and exclaiming faintly; "She lives!"

he placed her in the arms of her beloved parents.

Anthony was received with one universal shout of approbation from all, and every one came and congratulated him upon the accomplishment of this deed of heroism. But he, poor fellow, had sunk to the ground, totally insensible. His hands, face, and clothes were dreadfully scorched, and he was severely bruised from head to foot. Lady Julia now partially recovered from her alarm and anxiety—having, fortunately, not suffered any more serious effects—and approaching with her parents and aunt to thank her brave deliverer, they were greatly shocked when they beheld his melancholy situation—the result of his noble conduct.

“Anthony!” said the Count, with great emotion, as he took his poor burnt hand; “Dear Anthony, noble, affectionate youth! How, how can I ever repay you for saving my beloved child?”

The poor youth opened his eyes, and looking at his master, seemed to say; "My lord, you owe me nothing—it was my duty as a Christian and your servant—I did it voluntarily." This look went to the Count's heart, whilst the Lady Julia was affected to bitter tears of grief and lamentation, at seeing the sad state to which her preservation had reduced him.

Anthony was now carefully removed to the chateau, and surgical aid and every necessary attendance called in; whilst his bed was alternately watched by the various members of the family, and by none was his recovery more sincerely prayed for than by the amiable and grateful Lady Julia. "Alas," she would say to her parents, "would that poor Anthony was well again! How much and how patiently does he suffer for my sake!"

"He shall not want, dear Julia," replied her mother, "anything, depend upon it, to promote his recovery," and kissing her

tenderly she added, "be it your care to reward him as he ought to be."

Thus several weeks passed, when at length, the patient having daily grown better, and being now convalescent, it was deemed advisable to return home as soon as possible, as the weather was becoming more and more cold and wintry. The day of departure was accordingly fixed, and on the evening preceding, Anthony was invited to join the family circle in the drawing room. They all received him most kindly, and vied with each other in expressions of gratitude for the great service he had rendered, whilst the Count, especially, assured him he would let no opportunity pass to serve him.

"Dear Sir," said Anthony, "I am sufficiently rewarded, Providence having permitted me to be the happy instrument of saving the Lady Julia from an awful death. Every such act brings its own reward."

"Noble youth!" exclaimed the Countess, much affected, as she took his hand; "had it not indeed been for you, we should have lost our dearest treasure;" and she would have said more, but was too much overcome by her feelings, whilst Julia, who stood between her parents, contemplating the sad wreck in her preserver's face and form, endeavoured but in vain to express the emotions of her heart.

Anthony shortly afterwards retired, feeling still too weak to bear all the kindness bestowed upon him. In health, however, he felt much restored, and his strength revived more and more; whilst the thoughts of returning to his little room in the castle, and the hope of there finding a letter from his parents; gave him that cheerfulness of mind alone wanting to complete his recovery.

Accordingly, early the next morning, the carriage was got ready, and after a kind and affectionate parting from Madame von Müller, who bestowed upon Anthony

her warmest wishes for his health and happiness, the party entered the vehicle, insisting upon Anthony taking his place with them inside ; and, in spite of his reluctance, he was thus obliged to submit to the force of their friendly arguments and persuasion.

CHAPTER IX.

The return to the castle—The letter from home—Fritz a soldier—Anthony's sorrow—His own increased happiness—Attacked and robbed of his flute in the Count's park—The Count's indignation—The robbers pursued—The new flute—Lady Julia—Anthony's delight.

The journey passed off without any particular incident or circumstance occurring, and all arrived at the castle in happy spirits. Anthony hastened up to his room, and there, sure enough, he found what he so longed for—the letter from his parents.

Therein they expressed the pleasure they felt at his happy situation, and begged him to continue to merit the esteem of his noble master, not doubting but it would produce him still greater happiness. They informed him "that his friend Fritz had enlisted in the army and was at a great distance from home; that his late master, Berkholz, was in great trouble and embarrassed circumstances, through his son Ferdinand, whose debts he had been forced to pay to get him out of prison; and they ended, by blessing God for having so kindly taken their dear son Anthony under His especial protection, &c."

Anthony pressed the dear letter to his lips, and a tear of grateful pleasure glistened in his eye, when he thought of his present happy condition and prospects in life. Poor Fritz! Where could he be? and gone too for a soldier! Should he ever see him again? And Herr Berkholz, too, to be in trouble through his son! For this he felt sorry, because with all his

master's hatred for music, he had nevertheless treated him kindly, and he wished him well.

Losing not a moment, he wrote a reply to his parents, telling them of all that had occurred, and enclosing what he had saved for them, with his dutiful love and affection; he sealed the letter and sent it by post the same evening. Happy Anthony! How tranquil and serene were his slumbers that night!

His days now glided on smoothly and happily. His occupations were no longer those of a menial, but consisted in the copying of music—his favourite employment, and one of great practical service to him;—in arranging the library of the Count, or the miscellaneous musical compositions belonging to the Countess; whilst he was thus amply provided with opportunities for the practise of the flute. In addition to which, the Count gave, at intervals, a series of evening concerts; and, as all the music to be played, passed

through Anthony's hands, to peruse and arrange for the various instruments—especially for the flute—his talent became more and more developed both in practise and theory, until at length he became a complete master of that instrument.

Thus did two years soon pass round, during which our young musician had not been able to pay the visit he so longed to make to his parents, neither had he learnt anything respecting his friend Fritz—of whom, in their letters to him, his parents said *nothing was known*. The Count, who had for some time suffered much from a severe fit of illness, had promised him, that when he recovered he should go to Germany with him. Obstacles, however, prevented this promise from being realized, and poor Anthony was too diffident again to make the request. But as he now received letters from home, in which his parents reproached him for his apparent neglect, and to his great pain, hinted, that as it appeared he was too proud to

bring *in person* the aid he *sent*, they would rather be without it—he resolved to get leave of absence as soon as possible.

One evening he had strolled out in the park, as was usual with him, and taking his seat upon one of its mossy banks, in an isolated part, he commenced playing upon his flute. Shortly after he began, he thought he heard footsteps, but all being again silent, he recommenced, when, suddenly, two men with masks sprang upon him; and wrenching the flute from his grasp, in spite of all his strength, gagged him to prevent his calling for aid; and, as in the desperate struggle he had got partly on his feet again, they knocked him down with a blow from a bludgeon, and fled, leaving him completely stunned. Thus did he lay for some time, when, on recovering, he rose, and searching everywhere around, in vain he endeavoured to find either the robbers or his flute.

Anthony returned slowly to the castle, and informed the Count of the attack and

robbery made upon him, and the Count was not a little indignant at such an outrage being committed upon him, and that too in his own park. He immediately ordered strict search to be made with torches throughout the grounds—this was however unsuccessful, the fugitives not being found anywhere.

Some time had now elapsed, during which poor Anthony was sadly troubled about the loss of his flute, and felt quite desolate without it, when, one day, on his return to his room, after a walk he had made in the park, he found a packet very carefully sealed and tied with tape, addressed, "To Anthony Traugott." Having opened it, what was his astonishment and delight to find it consist of a red morocco case, containing a beautiful ebony flute, mounted complete, with all the keys and joints in rich silver! He stood gazing at it as if enchanted; he took it up, fastened it together, and, putting it to his lips, tried a few notes upon it, and oh! what

delicious tones did it produce! How far superior to the one he had formerly possessed! Suddenly he paused, and asked himself whether it really was *quite* certain that the instrument was intended for him? and at that moment, glancing his eye towards the silver ring at the top, he perceived, neatly engraved upon it, the inscription: *Presented to her Preserver, Anthony Traugott, by Lady Julia von Bastholm.*

“Then the flute is indeed *mine*!” exclaimed the youth with ecstasy, as he pressed it to his heart, “Yes, it *does* belong to me, and no power on earth shall tear it from me. Oh! how, how shall I express my thanks in words adequate, for such a treasure? How have I merited so much kindness and friendship?”

In the grateful joy of his heart, he replaced the flute in its beautiful case, upon which he found his name was likewise neatly inscribed in gold, and hastened to Lady Julia in order to express his warm acknowledgments. He found the amiable

girl engaged at her pianoforte, which, however, she ceased playing upon his appearance.

"Dear Lady Julia," the youth stammered out, "this beautiful flute——;" but he was so overcome by the grateful feelings of his heart, that he could say no more.

"Yes, Anthony," she returned, "that flute I have sent for your acceptance, as a slight acknowledgment for what you have done for me. I thought that as you had been so shamefully deprived of your former instrument, it might not prove an unwelcome present."

"But, Lady Julia, what I did," said Anthony, somewhat bolder, "was only my duty, and must I be paid for *that*, the most happy moment of my life?"

"Nothing, good Anthony," she replied, "can ever repay you for preserving my life; therefore this little present you must merely look upon as a trifling proof of my gratitude."

At this moment, the thought struck

Anthony, that he might, perhaps, venture to request Lady Julia's interest with her father to procure him leave of absence in order to visit his parents. Accordingly, he did so; and the kind girl promised him she would urge his petition with all the affectionate influence she possessed. Happy now in his mind, he took his leave and returned to his quiet apartment.

CHAPTER X.

The grand concert—The talented Nobleman-Flutist puzzled and at fault—Substituted by our potter-musician—His successful performance—Our hero's talent acknowledged, and loudly applauded.

Shortly after this, Anthony received from the Count a very lengthy piece of music from which he was to copy and arrange the flute part by a certain day, upon which the Count intended to give a grand concert.

It should here be remarked, that the es-

pecial favour and kindness with which the family treated our young musician, had excited, as he had reason to know, great jealousy and envy amongst several of the household, and only added more and more to the ill-feeling which, as we have already observed, had from the commencement been evinced towards him by the Yäger. However, Anthony took little or no notice of this ill-disposition, as shewn at intervals, but continued to act up to the good motto,—*Do right and fear nobody.*

By the time appointed, the work was done, and in the course of its execution, Anthony made a point of playing over every note until he had made himself a perfect master of the difficult and intricate flute part; so much so, that all he longed for was that he might only have an opportunity of playing it out with the other instruments. This he could not hope for; he, however, was informed by the Count, when he delivered his copy to him, and with which the latter expressed himself highly delight-

ed, that it would be his office, on the day of the concert, to superintend the arrangements of the entertainment, see that each performer had the proper part for his particular instrument, and that he must be present throughout the whole performance; Anthony, it need not be said, was highly pleased with this mark of distinction.

The evening at length arrived for which, in the meantime, the most grand preparations had been made, as this concert was to be especially select, and honoured with the presence of the first nobility and gentry of the land, including even several members of the royal family and the Prime Minister of Denmark, the Count von Paalzow, a native of Germany. Anthony, with the assistance of the unwilling, sour-minded Yäger, had now completed all the necessary arrangements of the concert-saloon; having placed all the music stands in regular order, furnished each with its portion of music, as selected for each parti-

cular instrument, and finally, had all the numerous lamps lighted ready to receive the distinguished guests.

The carriages now rolled into the courtyard in quick succession, and the busy, bustling scene commenced. As they arrived, the royal and noble visitors were shown into the drawing-room, and received a cordial welcome from the hospitable Count and his graceful lady and daughter; and all being now assembled, the noble Host led the way to the concert-room. Here, those who were to perform in the concert, took their stations at the various music stands, Lady Julia presiding at the pianoforte; and after a short time, all being ready, the Count gave the signal, and they commenced. The first piece was a trio for the piano and two violins, which was well performed, and went off very successfully, being very much applauded by the whole of the audience.

Amidst these marks of approbation, however, a little friendly dispute arose

between the fair pianist and the violinists, about one false note. The piece, it appears, that they had been performing, was that from which Anthony, on his first arrival at the castle, had copied the pianoforte part for the Countess, and for which she had rewarded him with the *Frederick d'or*, previously mentioned. Lady Julia maintained that she had performed her part perfectly correct throughout, so likewise did the two violinists. They then referred to the original score used by the latter, and found that the point was wanting to one quaver note, but which Anthony had inserted in the copy. Thus, the matter being explained, the alteration was now made in the original, and the gentlemen, learning that Anthony was the copyist, and that *he* had made the correction, were not a little struck with the knowledge evinced by one in his station, and expressed their approbation accordingly.

The next piece to be performed was the grand composition from which Anthony

had recently extracted the flute part. He trembled like an aspen leaf with nervous desire only to be permitted to play that part with the accompanying instruments—but of course *that* was out of all question, for humble as he was, how could *he* expect to be allowed to assist in the company and presence of such rank and distinction !

The Countess von Bastholm now took her seat at the piano, and the parts to be played were distributed. Two other Noblemen now took their violins, and the young Count von Paalzow, the son of the Prime Minister, undertook the flute part, being a very good player. After looking at the notes minutely, flute in hand, he appeared rather confused and agitated, until at length, as he continued to progress in his examination, he turned deadly pale, which, being seen by the Yäger, he brought him a glass of water. The young Count apologized to the Countess and the two Noblemen for this delay, pleading a slight indisposition, from which he had suffered

the last few days. At length, the performance commenced. Hardly, however, had they gone through a few bars, before the flutist got quite out of tact, and in spite of the greatest exertion, as was visibly expressed on his countenance, it was impossible for him to recover his lost ground. He was evidently quite at fault, and becoming more and more excited, he would have fallen to the ground, had not his father rushed forward and supported him, whilst he entreated him to give in. This, in his mortified pride, he would not do at first, but as now all the performers, finding it impossible to proceed, ceased playing, he was of course obliged to yield. The whole audience were struck with this failure of the young nobleman, inasmuch as he really was a distinguished performer, and had never before been known to fail. But it was quite clear that he was not competent for this difficult undertaking, and after taking another glass of water, he sat down somewhat refreshed, to be merely

a listener to, instead of a performer in the remaining portion of the concert.

But now Anthony could no longer withhold himself. He advanced to Lady Julia and earnestly entreated her to represent to the Count that he was ready prepared to undertake the part the young nobleman had failed to accomplish. She smiled, and thought it was not possible he could be serious, the music being so extremely difficult; but as he persisted in his assurance that he could, and, in fact, had already played the whole of it without a single fault, she went to her father and stated his wishes. What she however had feared, really took place—the Count only smiled at the idea, and requested she would resume her seat, so that the progress of the concert might not be interrupted. Anthony, who had followed close upon Lady Julia's steps, and heard the Count's reply, approached the Count himself, and said, with an impassioned look, "My lord, I am particularly anxious to execute that part."

"But now, really, Anthony," returned the Count, "what are you thinking of? The young Count von Paalzow is a perfect master of the flute, and yet has just been forced to acknowledge to me that the part is too difficult for him."

"Never mind that, my lord," exclaimed our young musician "I will take good care to succeed in its performance. Pray grant me this happiness,—one I have so long wished to enjoy; believe me, I will play the whole off without the slightest mistake."

At length the Count very reluctantly yielded; for although he was aware that Anthony had made great progress, he still very much doubted his capability of performing *this* piece; whilst, therefore, our nimble flutist had flown up stairs to fetch his instrument, the Count communicated to the Countess and the two violinists the sanction he had given, to which they could not well object, although their confidence in the powers of the youth was naturally

still weaker than even that of the Count ; they however consoled themselves with the assurance that if he failed, as they fully expected he would at the very commencement, they should of course discharge him at once from all further service of that nature, whilst he would not so soon again thrust himself into notice.

Anthony now appeared, and took his station at the music stand, as if quite at home, utterly regardless of the half-loud whispering his unexpected presence produced amongst the distinguished audience as to " who was that young man ? where did he come from ? " &c. &c. ; for his whole soul was devoted to the subject before him. All being ready, and as it was his part to play off some introductory bars alone, he accordingly commenced. All were at once struck with wonder and admiration ! Tones such as those, so clear, distinct, and truly melodious, they had never heard before ! The other three performers now fell in, and the whole piece was executed

admirably; the Countess and the two violinists being evidently inspired by the enthusiastic performance of Anthony. He himself felt for the first time in his glory, and, absorbed completely in his beloved art, neither faltered nor hesitated in the least, but continued to the last, as he had commenced, perfect in tone and exact to time. When the piece was concluded, the delighted audience rose, *en masse*, and honoured our flutist with rounds of applause. The Count advanced, followed by his lady and daughter, and each gave him cordially their hand, congratulating him on his wonderful talents, whilst among the rest of the noble guests who warmly expressed their approbation, was included especially the young Count von Pualzow, who, pressing forward, took him eagerly by the hand and exclaimed, "Whoever and whatever you may be, young man, remember that I must have you for my instructor, and from this very day too!" saying which, he hurried

to the Count, and stating his wish to him, the latter immediately gave his consent.

The concluding pieces having now been performed with great ability, by different other ladies and gentlemen of the assembly, they all retired to the supper room, where they partook of the choicest viands spread out for their reception ; and although all were most anxious to retain Anthony among them, he, nevertheless, modestly withdrew to his chamber, where, in silent gratitude, he dwelt upon the past scene of his first *debut*.

Soon afterwards, the distinguished company took their departure, carriage after carriage rolled away, and the inhabitants of the castle retiring to rest, all was hushed in the silent repose of night.

CHAPTER XI.

The robbers in the park seized and punished—
Anthony's star rising—Appointed principal flut-
ist in the King's private band of musicians—
Increased kindness of the Count.

On the following morning the first thing Anthony did, was to write a long letter to his parents, informing them of all that had taken place—of his successful performance upon the beautiful flute, presented to him by his master's daughter—his appointment as teacher to the son of the Prime Minister, concluding with the assurance, that now he should very speedily come and see them. Meantime, he begged them to write and inform him if they were well, and tell him all they might have heard about Fritz, and anything they knew respecting poor Maria, for whom he said he still felt great interest, as it was through him she had lost her situation at the house of Herr Berkholz.

He now regularly devoted nearly all his time to his instrument, of which, by constant application and the continual practise of the most difficult pieces, he made himself the most perfect master. He also attended the young Count von Paalzow, who improved wonderfully under his tuition, and expressed the great pleasure he felt in having so accidentally made his acquaintance, and had thus obtained the advantage of his valuable instruction.

One evening on his return to the castle from visiting the young Count, he was not a little surprised at finding in the courtyard, all the servants surrounding two men with masks, whom it appears the forester and his assistant had found lurking about in the park, and whom they instantly seized and captured. As soon as Anthony entered the gate, they all cried out to him, that they had at length caught the villains who had assailed and robbed him, and they immediately proceeded to tear away their masks. What, however, was their surprise

and indignation, to find the culprits to be the Countess's Yäger, and the Count's coachman! The whole establishment joined in expressing their disgust and horror at this discovery, and the steward hastened to inform the Count of the circumstance, and to request his instructions how to act.

The Count proceeded to the court-yard and sure enough he discovered these two, whom he had always thought faithful members of his household, to be the villains who had so shamefully used the harmless Anthony, and that, too, without any provocation on his part. The Count's wrath was very great, and although, in his good nature, he would not send them to prison, he nevertheless had them turned out of the gates of the castle, warning them never to show their shameless faces there again—nor were they ever heard of afterwards.

Some few weeks after this, Anthony was instructed by his patron to wait upon the Prime Minister, the father of his pupil,

who had something agreeable to communicate to him ; accordingly, our young musician hastened to the Count's palace, and was announced. He received the modest Anthony very graciously, and enquired of him, whether he felt any desire to be appointed first flutist to the Royal Chapel, with a suitable and ample salary ? The young man could scarcely reply, his feelings so overcame him. Collecting himself, however, he ventured to ask, " If he did thankfully accept the gracious favour, which he so much prized, whether this appointment would allow him to retain the situation he held in the Count's establishment ? If not, he feared he might be deemed ungrateful and selfish towards the generous man from whom he had received so much kindness, if he abandoned his service, to enter upon that now offered." When, however, the Minister assured him, that the Count was perfectly aware of the circumstance, and that he had not only given his sanction, but had likewise been

instrumental in procuring this appointment for him, Anthony could no longer hesitate, but declared his willingness to accept the distinguished office. Accordingly, the Minister handed to our potter-musician the royal diploma, which he had already got prepared, appointing him court musician, with a fixed salary. The youth received it from the hands of the nobleman with a profound reverence, whilst he stammered out his sincere thanks.

"I congratulate you, Herr Traugott," said the Minister, graciously, "on your appointment as Musician to the Royal Court of Denmark, and wish you success in the new career now open before you, which will happily furnish you with ample opportunity to give the music-loving portion of the inhabitants of Denmark generally, and especially of Copenhagen, its capital, a knowledge of the genius and talent you possess."

"I sincerely thank your Excellency" gratefully returned Anthony, "I have,

however, one request to submit, if I may be excused such boldness, and to which I hope your Excellency will not refuse a favourable ear; especially as it flows from a wish, upon the realization of which depends the happiness of my whole life."

"Say what your wish is, fellow-countryman, for you must know, *I* am a native of Germany, as well as yourself," replied the Count very kindly; "any thing I can do towards its accomplishment, shall be done, be assured," and with these words the Minister held out his hand to him.

Gaining confidence by these kind words, and especially encouraged by the friendly condescension of the Minister, Anthony felt that he might venture to explain the subject so dear to his heart.

"My parents, your Excellency," said the youth, "reside in Germany at —, a great distance from here; they are poor and cannot undertake a journey to see me at their own expense. My father is a potter, and loving his trade above everything else,

he would not, on that account, like to quit his native country. The dearest wish I have is to be enabled to pay them a visit, wherefore I am anxious to learn, your Excellency, if my appointment at the court may or may not remove from me the prospect of fulfilling this wish?"

"It will certainly be necessary," replied the Count, "to have the royal sanction, as is the uniform regulation in all cases of absence, and I will take care to promote your object as early as possible."

Expressing his most grateful acknowledgments to the Minister for his condescension and kindness, Anthony retired, and with a light step and joyous heart he returned to the castle to make known his good fortune to the Count.

"We congratulate you most sincerely," exclaimed the Count and the ladies, when he entered the room, anticipating his good news, "on your new appointment, and already await the treat in store for us when you will give your first concert."

The Royal Musician bowed his thanks, and convinced that he owed his elevation to the kind services of the Count, he expressed the gratitude of his heart towards him, not only for the great benefit he had then procured for him, but especially for the kind and considerate manner in which he had effected his object; "and may I hope to be permitted," he added with emotion, "to visit my benefactor, as often as my time will admit?"

"Most assuredly," returned the Count, "for your presence here in your new dignity as Chamber-Musician, must be always doubly welcome, and especially so to join in our concerts."

"And let me also beg of you," said the Countess, quickly, "not to withhold from us the pleasure of your society and the delight of your performance."

"I am sadly afraid," said Lady Julia, "that Herr Traugott will be so much occupied at the Court concerts, that he will

scarcely find a moment to devote to his friends here."

"Let us all be easy upon that head," said the Count, and turning to Anthony, he added, "It is my earnest request, Herr Traugott, that you will continue to make my castle your home; I have already given the necessary directions to the steward to prepare for you a suite of apartments with the requisite attendants, and you will therefore consider yourself as one of the family. We shall, accordingly, not separate from each other, only, as you are aware how strictly the rules of etiquette are followed in this and some other countries, you must not take it amiss if we address you by your title of Chamber-Musician, or plain Herr Traugott;—a formality, however, which, whilst adopted, will not lessen our sincere regard and friendship for yourself."

This communication was extremely agreeable to Anthony, for he had felt unhappy at the thought of leaving this

amiable and truly noble family; and as regarded the discontinuance of the more familiar term of "*good Anthony*," and the substitution of the more distant "*Herr Traugott*," the kind explanation given by the Count satisfied his sensitive feelings on that point. Anthony having touched upon the subject of his parents, the Count begged him for the present not to write to them, as he would himself use his influence with the Minister, in order to get the sanction of the King for the leave of absence.

On being shown to his new apartments, he found, indeed, everything arranged in the most comfortable and elegant manner: in addition to the splendid furniture and carpets, he found new clothes of every kind ready for use, vases of beautiful flowers (of which he was known to be extremely fond), a very large supply of the choicest music, together with, in fact, everything necessary to make him happy; whilst the servants, engaged especially as his attend-

ants, paid him their most respectful duty and attention.

CHAPTER XII.

The Royal concert—The King of Denmark and the Royal Family—Anthony's débüt—His success complete—Appointed teacher to the Prince Royal.

Anthony's whole time and attention were now regularly devoted to the duties of his office; and as, according to the custom, he would very soon have to make his *débüt*, in a public concert, before the Royal Family, he was necessarily anxious to employ every moment of his leisure time at the castle in close practise; and thus he rendered himself so strictly master of the instrument, that he felt no hesitation in undertaking the most difficult and elaborate compositions.

At length he received an official letter

from the Minister, Count von Paalzow, with the following contents :

“ His Majesty, with whom I have had the honour to communicate upon the subject of your talent, wishes to make the necessary arrangements for a concert, in which you are to take the principal part. Accordingly, this day week is fixed by His Majesty for the said concert to take place, in the Theatre Royal, by which time you will be pleased to make the requisite preparations.

G. von Paalzow,

Minister of State.”

For the moment, our humble friend felt rather abashed, for he had never, as yet, performed in the presence of His Majesty ! He, however, soon collected himself, as he felt perfectly confident of his strength, and was only impatient until the moment arrived.

In the early part of the week he procured the piece which was to be performed, and having practised it over repeatedly, made himself completely perfect in it.

At length the important day arrived, and throughout the capital large placards

were posted on the walls, announcing the concert for that evening, at which a newly-appointed member of the Royal Chamber-Musicians would perform on the flute for the first time, in public. The announcement of this in the placards attracted crowds to the theatre, which soon became so full, that hundreds were refused admission.

The hour of commencement having now arrived, and Anthony having dressed himself with great care, was about to proceed on foot to the theatre, when he was met in the gallery by the Countess' new Yäger, with an invitation from his lord to take his seat in the carriage in which they were waiting for him. He naturally felt highly honoured by this kind offer, and following the Yäger, he found the amiable family anxiously expecting him. Accordingly taking his seat, they at once drove off to the theatre, where, on getting out, the Count with his lady and daughter, after cordially shaking hands with Anthony,

and wishing him all possible success, parted from him to repair to their box, whilst the honored musician proceeded to his allotted post.

And, truly, when our hero first entered the house, and surveyed the densely-crowded audience there collected, and before whom he was to show himself worthy of the high office to which he had been appointed, his heart for the instant palpitated, and he almost recoiled from the apparently bold attempt; but the moment afterwards, feeling conscious of the natural strength of his mind and an innate reliance on his powers, he speedily recovered himself; in addition to which, when, in a box, a short distance from the stage, his eye caught sight of his smiling, encouraging patrons and friends, the Count, Countess, and the amiable Lady Julia, amidst the multitudes assembled around him, his mind became tranquilized by a feeling that he was not quite a stranger.

The whole of the orchestra were now

assembled on the stage, and each was ready to begin, awaiting in silence the signal from the *Maitre-de-Chapelle*. At this moment, the King and Queen of Denmark, with the Royal Family, entered their box, and then the leader waved his bâton. The overture having been played with the utmost taste and scientific skill by the orchestra, it now came to Anthony's turn to perform his first solo. Amidst the most solemn silence which at this moment pervaded the entire assembly, he stepped forward, and making first a profound reverence to the King and the Royal Family, and then bowing to the audience generally, took his station at the music-stand in front of the stage. An array of opera-glasses were immediately directed towards him, the Sovereign himself making use of one for the purpose of seeing him distinctly.

The debutant now commenced his concert, and as he proceeded, he felt more and more strongly the power of his natural

genius, and his performance became gradually more effective and brilliant. The King watched him most attentively, and at last felt so gratified, that he turned to his minister, Count von Paalzow, and extended to him his hand, evincing by the action as well as by his looks, the pleasure he felt in having succeeded in gaining such a distinguished and valuable acquisition to his select society of chamber-musicians. The audience were entranced; and at every pause which Anthony made, they greeted him with shouts of applause. When he had finished, the cheering appeared as if it would never end; even the King himself testified his approbation by clapping his hands. Anthony bowed several times in grateful acknowledgment, and then withdrew. The orchestra commenced the next piece, and during its performance, the audience, in their conversation together, were loud in their praises of the extraordinary talent displayed by the young German.

Anthony performed two more pieces with equal skill, and at the conclusion of the concert was universally called for before the curtain, to receive a final round of enthusiastic applause.

Taking his seat in the Count's carriage, which waited for him, his kind friends overwhelmed him with their hearty congratulations, the Count, especially, declaring how happy he was to find the talents of his protégé so heartily appreciated, even by royalty.

On the following day, a King's messenger arrived at the castle, and handed our hero the following Royal letter, bearing His Majesty's signature :

"I am satisfied with the services you rendered in the concert of yesterday, and appoint you teacher to my son, Prince Frederick, with a double amount of salary.

" (Signed,) Christian.

"To Herr Traugott."

Anthony hastened with this letter to the Count, who, however, merely observed

that he was already aware of his appointment; and, in fact, the youth could plainly perceive that this noble friend had been busily occupied throughout, in using all his influence to lay the foundation, and secure the success of his future career. But now it was that our happy Anthony felt more anxious than ever to see his parents, and he again expressed his desire to the Count, adding, that he could not possibly exist much longer without being permitted to visit them.

“The day after to-morrow” said the Count, “you will be enabled to start; such has been the promise made to me by the minister, Count von Paalzow, and you will, therefore, I hope, favour me and my family with your company to-morrow evening, in order that we may enjoy your society, for a few hours before you leave us.”

“How? the day after to-morrow, Count?” exclaimed the delighted youth;

"Oh, what happiness shall I feel in revisiting once more my native place!"

"Then we may hope for the gratification of your presence to-morrow, Herr Traugott?" enquired Lady Julia.

"Certainly, my lady," returned Anthony, quickly, "I will do myself the honour."

"You will of course not forget to bring your flute with you," said the Countess.

"Pardon me, my lady," returned the youth, modestly, "but I have made a vow not to play my flute again till I have once more pressed my dear parents to my breast."

"Well, well," said the Count, "we shall then very soon have the pleasure of hearing you again; for doubtless you will speedily reach home, and as speedily return to us again."

"Assuredly, my lord," replied Anthony, "I shall travel as swiftly as possible, in order to be back in due time to assume the

duties of my office, in a land which I may consider as my *adopted* country—”

“ I think, nevertheless, Herr Traugott,” said Lady Julia archly, “ that I shall be enabled to prevail upon you to treat us with a little farewell concert to-morrow, although you may have taken fifty vows !”

“ Ah ! Lady Julia,” returned Anthony, “ you are pleased to be mirthful ; but what has been sworn to, *must* be maintained. I must therefore really entreat of you to excuse me, and grant the indulgence of this little fit of temporary obstinacy without being very angry with me. When I return, however, I engage to devote my services to you whenever my duties will permit me.”

The little party continued to pursue their cheerful conversation, in reference to Anthony’s journey home, and speedy return to Copenhagen ; and when he took his leave, the Count begged that he would come in good time the following evening, as he expected the presence of several

distinguished guests, who would be enabled to promote and increase his happiness considerably.

CHAPTER XIII.

The grand entertainment at the castle—The happy reunion of Anthony and his parents, as planned by the Count—The Potter-Musician appointed *Maitre-de-Chapelle*—Marriage of Anthony and Lady Julia—Meeting with Fritz and Maria—Conclusion.

On the succeeding day, Anthony appeared at the appointed time and was cordially welcomed. He had been particularly careful in his dress, as he thought it not unlikely, that some of the Royal Family might be included among the guests. He knew well that the Count himself was a man free from all prejudice, by no means influenced by such external points, but rather judged and knew how to appreciate the character of the individual by innate, modest worth alone; but

before strangers, he deemed it prudent to observe the greatest care in his manner and appearance, as he easily perceived that the individual is, in general, but too often judged by the first impression he may make upon his fellow man.

As yet no guests had arrived; Lady Julia sat at the pianoforte, the Count and Countess were engaged in conversation, and Anthony occupied himself with turning over the leaves of Lady Julia's music book. Complete silence was maintained, which was occasionally broken by the entrance of the Yäger, who communicated with the Count in whispers, whilst the Count gave his orders in an equally subdued tone, sometimes making a sign of caution to the Yäger not to speak too loud. In the adjoining dining saloon everything was laid out in great state, whilst the servants had on their best liveries; proving, as Anthony thought, that the Count awaited some very exalted guests.

The company soon gradually arrived, and consisted principally of particular friends and relatives of the family; including Madame von Müller, as also the Minister of State, Count von Paalzow, and his son, together with many other distinguished visitors whom Anthony had before seen at the concerts of the castle; and who were now especially invited to this farewell entertainment. The steward then gave the signal that all the company had arrived, and accordingly, they proceeded to the saloon, each guest occupying the seat appointed, by the name being attached to the *couvert*. To his great surprise he found his own seat placed next to the noble family of the castle, but so disposed, that on each side there was a chair and *couvert* unoccupied and without any name. All eyes were now turned towards him, and he began to feel rather confused, especially when the Count gave him to understand, that two *principal*

guests were still expected, for whom these seats were placed at each side of him.

The Count then rose, and addressing the company, said, "My dear friends, and distinguished visitors, before we commence the enjoyments of the table, allow me to suggest that each of us shall fill his glass and drink to the health and happiness of my young but distinguished neighbour here, Herr Traugott, who, by his extraordinary talent, has so often contributed to my enjoyment: to that noble man towards whom, I, and mine, are especially bound—for to him, next to our Heavenly Father," he added with emotion, "we owe the preservation of the life of my beloved child; an act by which he has secured to me likewise the happiness of life. Once more, therefore, let me beg that all will join in the cordial and fervent wish for his welfare." Saying which, he suited the action to the word, and emptied the glass he held in his hand, an example followed by the whole company, who all joined in

the "one cheer more" for our happy Anthony, who, completely overcome by his feelings, could scarcely articulate his grateful thanks; and observing this, the Count relieved him, by at once requesting the company to resume their seats.

The Count now looked rather impatiently towards the door, as if he sought somebody; at that moment the Yäger entered, and announced to the Count, in a whisper, the two expected guests. The Yäger then waited outside, ready to throw the doors open at a given signal.

"Now, my esteemed friend, Herr Traugott," said the Count, as he took his hand, "we will commence our journey; get yourself ready, the moment has at length arrived."

"My lord!" exclaimed the thunder-stricken Anthony.

"I tell you that the moment has now arrived when I am able to fulfil my promise. Get yourself ready."

"But my lord, I have not yet received,

through his Excellency the minister, His Majesty's leave of absence. I cannot therefore depart this day."

"But you wish to see your parents—it is a wish you have often expressed to me—this moment——"

"Good heavens! surely, my dear lord, you are only mocking me!" he exclaimed; and then, turning to the Count von Paalzow, he said; "will your Excellency excuse me, and tell me if I really am at liberty to depart this very day?"

"I assure you, my esteemed friend," returned the minister, "I am desirous that you should embrace your good parents, were it even this day;" whilst Anthony rubbed his forehead, not knowing what to make of this unexpected offer, and really felt so overcome that he got up, and, making a hasty bow, was proceeding towards the door, the Count exclaimed, "Well then, I must admit my guests; stop, Herr Traugott, compose yourself. You are already verging

ing towards your fatherland—one step—” and giving the appointed signal, he added, “the doors are opened,—and, behold!—you lock in your embrace your beloved parents.”

And truly, as the noble-hearted man had said, so it proved. His parents were indeed there—the good potter and his wife—whom the Count, as if by magic, had got conveyed to the son’s arms; and, oh! how grateful was it to the feelings of the Count, the Countess, and Lady Julia, when they witnessed the happiness produced by the good management they had exercised in the arrangements of this most successful plan.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the details of this unexpected reunion of the son and his parents; suffice it, that after having retired a short time to recover themselves, they returned to the saloon; and, when the Count, addressing Anthony, said that he hoped he found his quick journey *happily* accomplished, the youth

could not restrain his feelings of gratitude, but shook the Count's hand warmly, saying, "Dear, noble Count! how silently, and yet how perseveringly, have you worked for my happiness; and now you have filled my cup of joy by procuring for me this delight—;" and, turning to his parents, and fondly embracing them, he added, "May our Heavenly Father reward my dear lord, for all the felicity he has prepared for me!"

The happy family then sat down to the table next to the Count and Countess, and Lady Julia, and the potter and his wife could hardly trust to their senses when they beheld their dear Anthony such an universal object of respect and attention.

"Then do you *really* live in this grand castle, Anthony?" asked his mother; "and have you been made a Chamber-Musician to the King, and teacher to his son, the prince?"

"Yes, my dear mother, it is all true. Nothing more is wanting to complete my

happiness, as I can now provide comfortably for you, but I will relate everything to you to-morrow; eat and drink, and make yourself quite at home!"

"Do you remember, Herr Traugott," said Lady Julia, archly, "what I said yesterday? Am I not right, and shall we not hear your performance this evening?"

"You are indeed right, Lady Julia," returned Anthony; "for my return to my new home has been most unexpectedly speedy. What is promised, must be performed, and after dinner, therefore, I will do myself the pleasure to play something; but I hope you will not expect much from me to-night, seeing that my feelings are in a great measure absorbed in the unlooked for happiness prepared for me."

"Now, only listen to our Anthony," said the potter to his wife; "how well he speaks to a Countess! I should never have thought he would have got on half so well."

"But *I* always knew that our Anthony was never meant to be a potter;" answered

his wife, "but I held my tongue, fearing to make you angry."

Called upon by all the guests, our hero fetched his beautiful flute, the present of the amiable Julia, (and at the sight of which his parents were not a little delighted), and forthwith proceeded to redeem the pledge he had given. His performance elicited the most rapturous applause,—a scene quite astounding to the good potter and his wife—and the amiable Madame von Müller was so delighted, that she shook him warmly by the hand, and smilingly said that she would force the King to make him his *Maitre-de-Chapelle*.

The company at length separated, taking with them the most charming recollections of this happy entertainment; whilst Anthony led his dear parents to the apartment prepared for them by the Count's order, where, amidst prayers and blessings, the affectionate trio parted; and Anthony, returning to his room, with grateful feelings offered up *his* thanks to that merciful

Providence who had thus vouchsafed to grant him so much felicity.

It now only remains to add, in a few concluding words, that the kind Count presented the good old potter with a factory on his estate; that Anthony *was* appointed *Maitre-de-Chapelle*; and that, finally, the amiable Lady Julia became the virtuous Anthony's wife, their union being blessed by the Count and Countess, who felt jointly assured, that the jewel he had rescued at the risk of his own life, could nowhere be so well appreciated and shielded as in the arms of the preserver.

The happiness of our hero was increased shortly afterwards by the arrival of his friend Fritz, who had become a captain in the army, and had married Maria, their early associate in their musical entertainments at the dwelling of Herr Berkholz; and thus the happiness of all being complete—the Triumph of Genius and Virtue was accomplished.

FINIS.





